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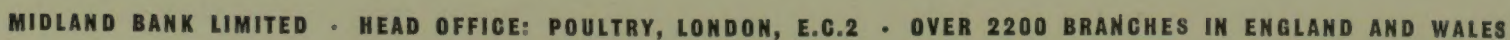
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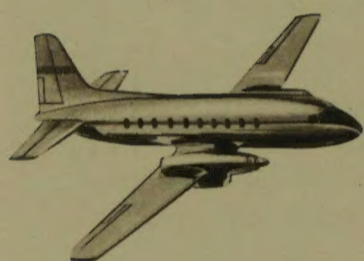


TRADE MARK

In the field of popular journalism, two kinds of 'story' are always winners: those dealing with babies and those featuring dogs. Which of the two stands higher in public favour we do not know, but it must be a very close thing; and because these two subjects make so powerful an appeal, it is easy to see why those whose households include the first should so often come under pressure to acquire the second. From this situation only the strongest-minded emerge unscathed and dog-less. More commonly, the story is one of delaying actions followed by capitulation and a visit to the local kennels. Well, that at least makes sense. Any commercial enterprise is all the better for expert advice and assistance and the larger the enterprise, the greater the need. Fortunately, it can easily be satisfied. The Midland Bank possesses a considerable fund of commercial and economic information, covering the whole trading world. This may not help you to purchase a dog (though it has more than once saved someone from 'being sold a pup'); but in the wider spheres of internal and external trade the knowledge and advice of the Midland Bank can be a very great help indeed.



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Introduced to India by Hawker Siddeley Group  
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SOON THE AVRO 748 will be flying in India. And soon the first aircraft of this type will take shape on Indian production lines. With the Avro 748, India takes a major step in the expansion of its aircraft industry, producing within the country every part and spare for an aircraft that will advance internal communications and may eventually earn foreign currency as an export product.

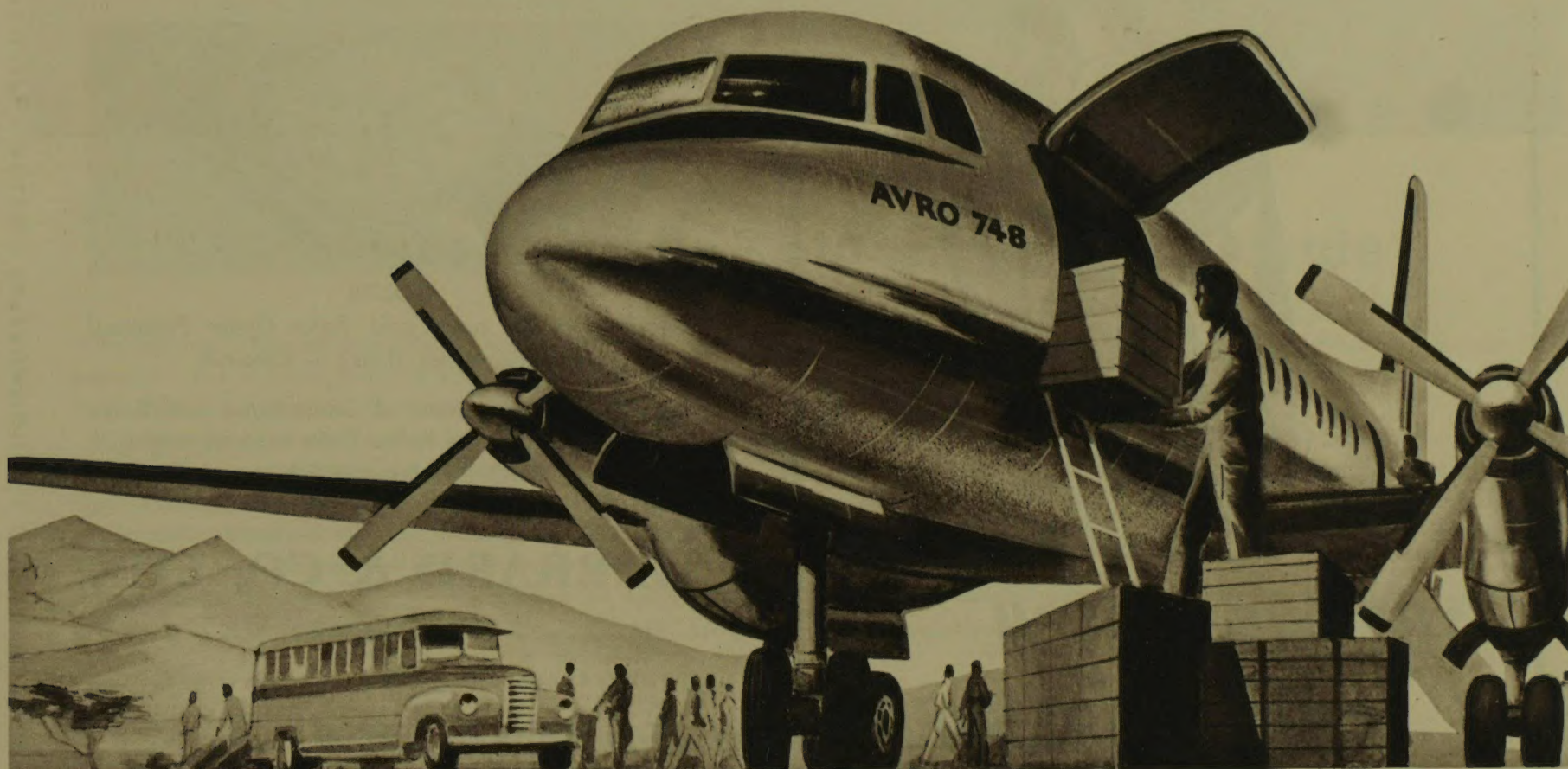
The turboprop Avro 748 (Rolls-Royce Dart Mk. 514 engines) will play

a versatile role in Indian life, operating often under difficult conditions, with near-continuous flying a routine demand.

India has chosen the Avro 748 as replacement for its fleet of DC-3 aircraft because of unrivalled advantages in its rugged construction, economy of operation and ease of maintenance. And Hawker Siddeley Group has extended to India its full and unmatched resources, forming a working partnership which will put the first all-Indian 748's into the air in rapid time.

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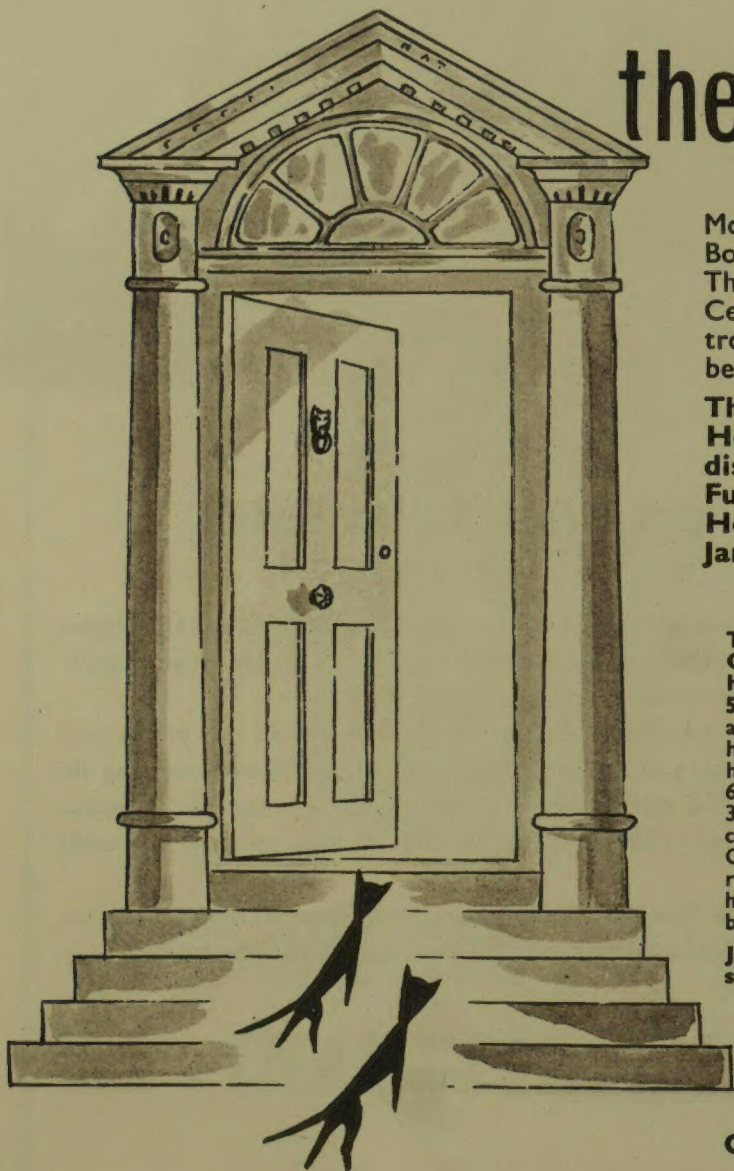
"James Flacks Cambridge Coach halted at Stamford Hill Gate for the alighting of a passenger" by James Pollard. Signed and dated 1849.

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**HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G., P.C., G.C.V.O., on Friday, the 2nd October**

*The Exhibition will remain open until Friday, the 23rd October. Daily 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Saturdays 10 a.m. - 12 noon.*

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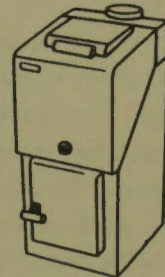
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**There is a Janitor Boiler to suit your requirements, and to give you Home Comfort with such convenience. Designed to satisfy the most discriminating buyer, Janitor boilers are available in any colour. Full particulars can be obtained from your Builders' Merchant or Heating Engineer, or you can examine the complete range of Janitor Boilers at the Janitor showrooms, 19 Berkeley Street, London, W.1.**

**THE JANITOR Oil Junior** has a capacity of 55,000 B.t.u./h. and is suitable for domestic hot water and background heating up to the average 6 to 8 roomed house, using 35 gallons capacity indirect cylinder and a Janitor Heater Cabinet, or five to six radiators. Alternatively, it will supply domestic hot water only, for a larger house with two bathrooms, and other hot water requirements.

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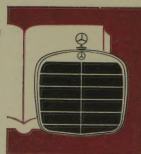
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# A New Chapter

The following is a truly new chapter in automotive history—a chapter made possible by the engineers at Mercedes-Benz—a story exciting enough to quicken the pulse of every automobile-lover. For generations, Mercedes-Benz cars have always retained their value and modernity, due to high quality, timeless design, and technical progress; yet

the Daimler-Benz AG has never been content to rest on its laurels. Its craftsmen are always striving to present the highest possible automotive achievement to its friends throughout the world. Thereby, they have now created excitingly new and vastly improved models!



In a class within themselves are the new 220, 220 S, and 220 SE. While retaining the classic elements associated with every Mercedes-Benz, these models are living examples of what modern styling and technical "know-how" can accomplish. Further, long-famous Mercedes-Benz roadability and springing have now been vastly improved through major technical "break-throughs."

As you make your first road-test, you will experience a new harmony, a new culture of driving in luxurious arm-chair comfort. Because the Daimler-Benz AG always considers you first, not one ounce of safety, not one iota of security has been sacrificed for this newly found comfort, elegance, and driving luxury!

Your life is its most serious responsibility; it has done everything possible to protect it! Mercedes-Benz has created a new automotive standard for style, comfort, safety, and technical advance in these extraordinary automobiles. Due to these all-new advances, the 180, 180 D, 190, 190 D models have also been vastly benefited: more elegance, greater security, and higher value all round. These models now offer a much wider range of advantages: a new, lower radiator design—thereby providing greater road visibility; stronger bumpers; larger stop-lights; upholstered dash-board with recessed, elastic controls for safety; a new, modern line of upholstery and interior door-panelling; an

automatic windshield washer; a new steering wheel with upholstered safety-shield; an automatic turn indicator coupled with headlight-dimmer; a new double-safety door-lock on all four doors—incidentally, the right front door can be locked or unlocked from the outside of the car. Furthermore, through the most modern technical advances, a greater horse-power rating has again been achieved for the petrol models, while at the same time all models have achieved a higher degree of safety by the installation of air-cooled Turbo-brakes with enlarged brake-areas. Throughout 136 countries of the world, these internationally admired and universally desired cars are giving you more and more value.

Also equipped with many brand new and interesting features are the larger classes of Mercedes-Benz products: the representative 300 Automatic and the classic 220 SE Convertible and Coupe. Of special note: the 220 SE is installed with the new, fantastically powerful, modern fuel-injection engine. The chic and highly-bred 190 SL now boasts a new, detachable hard-top with large, curved rear window. The Daimler-Benz AG takes pride in the presentation of its latest achievements, and sincerely thanks its friends throughout the world for their constant patronage and trust. It wishes them a "Bon Voyage"—perhaps soon in the new, Mercedes-Benz of your own proud choice.

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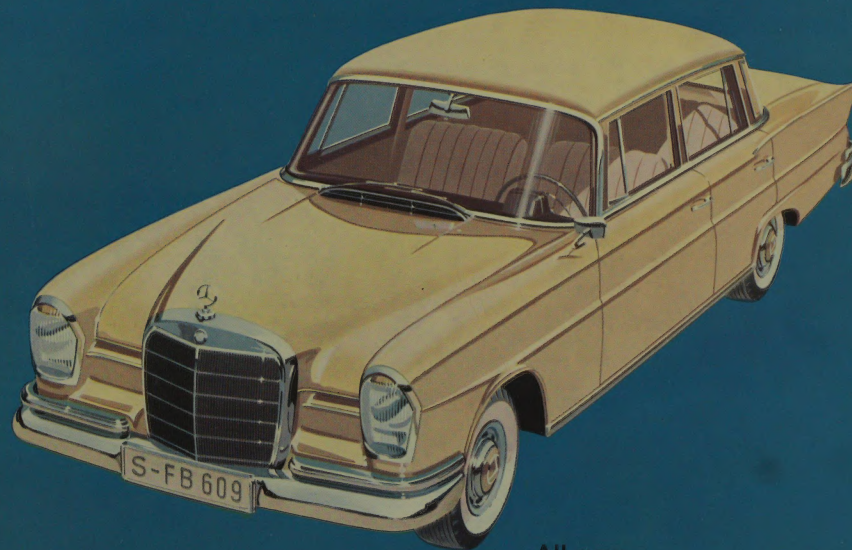
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World-famous



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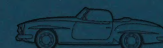


All-new

220 220 S 220 SE



220 SE Convertible and Coupe



190 SL Roadster and Coupe



300 SL Roadster and Coupe

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1959.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA VISITING THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS : A HAPPY PICTURE OF HER AUSTRALIAN TOUR.

One of the last engagements of Princess Alexandra's tour of Australia was her visit to the Snowy Mountains irrigation scheme on September 24 and 25. She was shown round this vast scheme by members of the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Authority, which is in command of this project. The Princess is shown here wearing a helmet and a

waterproof coat at the Adaminaby Dam, one of those harnessing the rivers' power. On September 25 she went to Canberra, where the next day she said farewell to Australia after her six-week tour. She then flew to Bangkok for a visit to Siam, followed by a visit to Cambodia. She returns to this country on October 7 by way of Delhi and Teheran.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 5½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE other day, looking for my earliest published article, I had occasion to go through the pages of a 1920 volume of *Punch* in which it appeared. The memories they evoked set me writing of my own foolish youth, and to-day, still in a holiday mood born of the wonderful continuing weather of this early September, I have been unable to resist the temptation of using the same pages to try to recapture the world as we then saw it, sitting over our *Punch* on a country-house lawn or in a railway train in the aftermath of the First World War. What sort of a world was it?—so near in time and yet so far away now—into which we returned after demobilisation and started, the younger among us who had gone straight from school to the war like myself, to acclimatise ourselves to.

Somewhere in the background of it there lay—and the assurance of it is present in these pages of *Punch*—a quiet country world. So two aging rustics sit in a cottage garden in one of G. L. Stampa's sketches, a dog stretched at their feet and the familiar summer landscape around them, each with his fringing whiskers, massive boots and crumpled hat, and one, with puzzled, troubled look expressive, we are told, of a morbid fear of growing deaf, and with hand cupped to ear, says, "There—it's come at last! You've been talking all the time and I ain't heard a single word," and the other ancient, serene, hands folded on his lap and gnarled, patient face smiling contentment and acceptance, replies: "Baint bin talkin'—bin chewin'!" Yet it is a background, implicit in *Punch's* comfortable, upper middle-class world though it is, that remains very much in the background; what one might call the middle foreground or near political background is much vexed with Irish Sinn Féiners who, sinister-looking thugs, stray into every second or third issue as their forerunners, the Fenians, had been wont to do in even darker guise in the mid-Victorian *Punches* of half-a-century earlier. Side by side with these are profiteers, a much more ubiquitous breed in the demobilisation-conscious society of 1919 and 1920, and the difficulties of getting servant girls and the general uppishness of this essential but out-of-hand species when obtained. The profiteers are usually pictured against a backscreen of marble pillars, porticoed steps and aristocratic flunkies. "The hounds meet on the lawn to-morrow, my dear; we must give them a stirrup-cup," the dumpy, cigar-smoking, gorgeously but incongruously toggled post-war sportsman observes to his puzzled, tweeded, pearl-strung wife, who replies, "I hope the chef knows how to make it. If not, I suppose claret-cup would do?" There is one, however, who is shown, not like the others among "new-bought, ancient trees" and terraced lawns in the outraged shires, but in the counting-house or office where, "exempted on business grounds during the war," bland and button-holed, he is interviewing for employment "a demobilised officer, D.S.O., M.C., mentioned twice in despatches and wounded three times." "You say you were three-and-a-half years in France," he remarks, "and yet don't seem to speak the language? It seems to me you wasted your time abroad, sir." As for the servants, their impertinence and their inability to realise their wonted station seems to have been a source of never-ending and resigned, though exasperated, amusement to *Punch's* artists and writers and, one can be sure, to its readers:

MISTRESS: You seem to have been in a good many situations; how many mistresses have you had, all told?

MAID: Fifteen all told—and all told what I thought of 'em.

"You really will," observes Mr. Meere, the hen-pecked husband to his beetle-browed spouse over the breakfast table, "have to be more careful, dear, how you speak to the cook or she'll be leaving us."—"Perhaps, I was rather severe." "Severe! why, anyone would have thought you were talking to me!" And the height of absurdity and humour is reached when an interviewing lady, whose notions of the social scheme of things had obviously been formed in the 'eighties, asks a prospective maid why she left her last situation and receives the answer, "Well, that's a bit

young person from town who has been sketching woods marked with a large notice, "Private," the "fed-up landowner," gallantly but blisteringly observes, "Charming, my dear young lady, charming—with one important omission. You've forgotten to put in the notice on the tree." So, too, the Scottish laird, wearing the right kind of tweeds and spying two incongruous-looking persons in Highland costume, asks the bearded keeper by his side, "Now, who on earth might those people be, Donald, dressed like tourists?" Even in the highest circles of all the long and firmly-established are troubled—and, as it is *Punch*, amused—by the restless shove immediately beneath them. "It's a great secret," one newly-rich lady says to another, "my husband has been offered a peerage." "Really! That's rather interesting.

We thought of having one, but they're so expensive and we are economising just now." Only at the lowest level of all is all the social ferment absent. "In this bit o' noospaper," a ragged tramp observes to his companion as they lie stretched out beside a country path, "it says: 'The 'ole cause of the world's present disorder is the universal spirit of unrest.' 'I ain't noticed it,' " is the reply.

But Mr. *Punch*, for all his amused and, on the whole, kindly tolerance of what is happening, can never himself assume an air so detached. His underlying disapproval is implicit on almost every page. For behind the ferment, he suspects, lurks a sinister foreign figure. On the first page of all, appropriately enough, a bearded, leering Bolshevik, in *mujik* costume, with matted hair and blood-dripping hands, prepares to dip them in a basin called "Trade." "Who's afraid of the Big Black Wolf?"—and, forty years ago, though we sometimes made fun of him, we were very afraid of him indeed, almost as afraid, I think, as our ancestors a century or so before had been of the armed Jacobin and the guillotine. And when Marshal Pilsudski and the Poles unexpectedly trounced the advancing Red Army, *Punch* had a special cartoon to celebrate the event. What also was a comfort, to a circle of readers to whom the laziness of the post-war workman had become a byword, was the reassuring reflection, as forcefully put by a Labour Member of Parliament who had been to Moscow and didn't like it, "that no amount of Bolshevik propaganda will induce the British proletariat to embrace a creed under

which he would be compelled to work!"

Coming events cast their shadows before them—or perhaps it would be truer to say, in this context, that students of the past can seldom refrain from reading it backwards. Here in these pages out of 1920 is Winston Churchill—writing articles, though as a Cabinet Minister, he shocked some of the readers of *Punch* by doing so, and announcing that peace with Soviet Russia was only another form of war; the Minister of Works in the shape, not of Mr. Hugh Molson but of Sir Alfred Mond, pulling down statues and moving them, amid public protest, to other sites; and the Germans, as always, refusing to pay their share of the bill and starting to get ready for the next war. There are even ladies' bathing dresses which, though not exactly bikinis, look in Mr. Lewis Baumer's drawings a great deal more delectable and, to the horror of Mrs. Grundy, can be converted with a little ingenuity into daring evening dresses.



RETURNING TO BALMORAL TO RESUME HER HOLIDAY AFTER THE DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT: THE SMILING QUEEN WALKING TO HER TRAIN AT EUSTON, ACCOMPANIED BY THE STATION-MASTER, MR. TURRELL. On September 22 her Majesty the Queen left Euston in the Royal train to resume her holiday at Balmoral, which she had broken for the Dissolution of Parliament. In her speech at the Prorogation she paid tribute to the present Government.

inquisitive, ain't it, mum? I didn't ask you why your last girl left you."

It was not only the cooks and housemaids in the better-class establishments and the "slaveys" in the smaller ones who were getting above themselves; to the still half-Victorian eye of the readers of *Punch* the whole of society beneath the salt—that is beneath the particular social level of the observer—was trying to move upwards and out of its station, and in this, of course, to a humorous but resigned mind, lay the absurdity of the situation. "You must get yourself a straw 'at, George," says the aspiring wife from Tooting on the pier at Brighton to her stout husband who, in holiday mood, has added to his normal clerky wear of black frock-coat and stick-up collar a pair of white flannel trousers and an enormous coloured waistband; "a bowler don't seem to go with a Camembert!" Moving up society a little, bending over the easel of the

## MELBOURNE TO THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS: THE PRINCESS IN AUSTRALIA.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA BEING PRESENTED WITH A WOOLLEN RUG AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, WHICH SHE OPENED ON SEPTEMBER 18 IN MELBOURNE.



ESCORTED BY THE PREMIER OF VICTORIA, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA ARRIVING FOR A STATE RECEPTION HELD IN HER HONOUR IN MELBOURNE ON SEPTEMBER 17. HER CLOTHES DURING THE TOUR WERE MUCH ADMIRER BY AUSTRALIAN WOMEN.



THE PRINCESS ABOUT TO OPEN THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW. 30,000 PEOPLE WERE PRESENT TO WATCH THE CEREMONY AND HEAR HER SPEECH.



WATCHING THE MARCH-PAST OF THE 12/16TH HUNTER RIVER LANCERS, THE PRINCESS WITH THE G.O.C. EASTERN COMMAND, LIEUT.-GENERAL R. G. POLLARD, WHO IS STANDING BESIDE HER.



THE PRINCESS WAVING HAPPILY TO THE CHEERING CROWDS THAT GREETED HER ON ARRIVAL IN MELBOURNE ON SEPTEMBER 16. SHE IS SHOWN WITH THE LORD MAYOR.



THE PRINCESS ON HER TOUR OF THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS HYDRO-ELECTRIC PROJECT ON SEPTEMBER 24. THE WEATHER WAS VERY COLD.



A KOALA BEAR RECEIVING ADMIRATION IN THE HEALESVILLE WILD-LIFE SANCTUARY OUTSIDE MELBOURNE, WHICH THE PRINCESS VISITED ON SEPTEMBER 17.

Princess Alexandra began her visit to Victoria on September 16 with a train journey through the State, stopping for a welcome at Melbourne and at many other places. She visited the Sir Colin Mackenzie wild life sanctuary at Healesville, fifty miles from Melbourne, the next day, where the enthusiasm of the crowds was as intense as it was in the city. She was particularly entranced with the koala bears. She attended a State reception that evening. On Friday,

September 18, in her speech with which she opened the Royal Agricultural Show of Victoria, she said that Australia had given her the time of her life. People from all over Victoria flocked to see her on her eight-day visit. On September 24 she flew to the Snowy Mountains, where she stayed overnight for a thorough inspection of the great hydro-electric scheme. After that she went to Canberra for the final stage of her long and arduous tour.

# FROM SAN FRANCISCO AND IOWA TO PITTSBURGH AND CAMP DAVID: INFORMAL SCENES FROM MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S EBULLIENT TOUR OF THE U.S.A.



A COMMUNIST/DEMOCRAT HANDSHAKE IN IOWA: MR. KHRUSHCHEV AND MR. ADLAI STEVENSON, FORMER DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY, IN A JOVIAL MOOD IN IOWA.



IN A PENSIVE MOOD AT DES MOINES: THE RUSSIAN PREMIER LISTENING AS AN INTERPRETER READS OUT HIS SPEECH AT A CIVIC BANQUET ON SEPTEMBER 22.



HOT DOGS FOR TWO: MR. KHRUSHCHEV AND MR. HENRY CABOT LODGE DURING THEIR TOUR OF A PACKING STATION IN DES MOINES, IOWA, ON SEPTEMBER 22.



IN A LONGBOATSMAN'S WHITE CAP PRESENTED TO HIM ON SAN FRANCISCO'S WATERFRONT: THE RUSSIAN LEADER DURING HIS VISIT TO THE WEST COAST OF AMERICA.



A PRESENT FOR A RUSSIAN PREMIER "IN THE MUTUAL INTERESTS OF SCIENCE": MR. KHRUSHCHEV LOOKING AT A TRIFLE PUZZLED AT THE GIFT FROM IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY.



A CANTEN LUNCH FOR THE COMPANY PRESIDENT AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV DURING THE SOVIET LEADER'S VISIT TO THE INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CO. PLANT.



REUNION OF PIANIST AND PREMIER: MR. KHRUSHCHEV WITH THE BRILLIANT YOUNG AMERICAN PIANIST, MR. VAN CLIBURN, WHO WON THE TCHAIKOVSKY CONTEST IN RUSSIA LAST YEAR.

The atmosphere at the end of Mr. Khrushchev's historic tour of the U.S.A. was considerably more healthy than it had been at certain moments earlier on, and certainly far happier than many Americans could have expected who had seen the Russian Premier goaded into periodic outbursts of anger and threats. In fact, almost the final scene on September 27 was of Mr. Khrushchev bidding good-bye in English, and of Mr. Nixon, the Vice-President, returning the compliment—in Russian. The turning-point of the tour was in California, for it was here that the Russian Premier was given the roughest handling, by Mr. Walter Reuther and the Unions; and it was here where he

confessed later that the people of San Francisco were "magicians, because you have charmed me." It was also at this time that Mr. Eisenhower appealed to Americans not to spoil the prospect of fruitful discussions at Camp David, but to treat their distinguished Russian visitor with politeness. On the same day the Russian Premier announced that the Russian Fleet was scrapping 90 per cent. of its cruiser strength and concentrating instead on submarines, torpedo-boats and minesweepers. From San Francisco he flew to Des Moines, in the corn-growing lands of Iowa, for a two-day inspection of the American farm system. He was obviously impressed and took a most active interest



IN A SUPERMARKET IN SAN FRANCISCO: MR. KHRUSHCHEV HOLDS UP A CELLOPHANE BAG FULL OF APPLES AND ASKS THE PRICE. HE SAID THE SAN FRANCISCANS CHARMED HIM.



A LAUGH OF ADMIRATION FROM THE RUSSIAN PREMIER: MR. KHRUSHCHEV PLACES AN APPROVING HAND ON THE WELL-FED STOMACH OF AN IOWAN FARMER DURING HIS VISIT THERE.



AT THE END OF HIS TOUR OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CO. PLANT IN CALIFORNIA: MR. KHRUSHCHEV WITH THE COMPANY'S PRESIDENT.



A LIVELY SCENE ON THE GARST FARM AT COON RAPIDS, IOWA: THE RUSSIAN PREMIER HOLDING A HANDFUL OF MAIZE WHILE PHOTOGRAPHERS SCRAMBLE.



A SMILE FOR A SHY CHILD FROM THE RUSSIAN PREMIER'S WIFE: MOTHERLY MRS. KHRUSHCHEV IN THE PITTSBURGH CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL ON SEPTEMBER 24.



THE CLIMAX OF THE TOUR: THE HEADS OF THE U.S.A. AND THE U.S.S.R. GREETING ONE ANOTHER IN FRONT OF ASPEN LODGE, CAMP DAVID, BEFORE THEIR VITAL DISCUSSIONS.

in all he saw. His tour met with the usual quiet and rather unenthusiastic protests but, on the whole, his reception in Iowa followed the general pattern: interest and reserved friendliness, but no excitement. A banner set the tone: "We do not always agree with you but we welcome you." His blunt, friendly approach generally found favour, as when he said, smiling, to a group of jostling photographers on a farm at Coon Rapids: "We will send the bull against you." From Iowa Mr. Khrushchev paid a short visit to Pittsburgh, where he notched up another victory over the security officials by driving through the city in an open car. The mayor pleased him greatly by presenting

him with the key to the city—a city which, as it happened, was at that time firmly locked in a steel strike. From Pittsburgh the Russian Premier returned to Washington before travelling by helicopter to Camp David, where he spent the week-end with President Eisenhower for their vital talks for which the whole tour so far had been only a preliminary. It is too early as yet to gauge the full result of these discussions, but certain facts have emerged: principally that negotiations on Berlin are to be reopened, perhaps at summit level; and that Mr. Eisenhower will now visit Russia next spring, when, as Mr. Khrushchev himself said, the flowers would be out and nothing would be frozen.

COMMENT written in the midst of a visit such as that of Mr. Khrushchev to the United States cannot be easy, even if the issues are far less momentous than in this case. The writer cannot help looking forward with anxiety to the lines of cold print and wondering how closely they will accord with the then situation. Here the situation is even more difficult than usual. As these words are written only a few preliminary talks have taken place. The more serious business will come at the end. Then, the visitor is a man of moods whose reactions change swiftly, and the United States is a vast country with wide differences in outlook between State and State and between city and city. There have been surprises already, and there may be more before the tour is over.

One of the first features to bear in mind is that since Mr. Khrushchev reached his present office he has never been cross-examined or heckled in public until now. He did, however, undergo the experience at a social function, the details of which have since become known. This was, of course, the disastrous entertainment given to him by the Labour Party in London. The result was a sustained burst of anger which witnesses will never forget. Mr. Khrushchev cannot bear public criticism at close quarters. On the other hand,

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN THE UNITED STATES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

repeated—surely called for answer. He did eventually give one, that the word did not mean burying it by bomb explosions. The result to date has been that, whereas Northern California in the mass has been enchanted, more sophisticated opinion has concluded that the visitor is a more cunning and more dangerous man than he had appeared from a distance.

At the time of writing, by far the most important event of the visit has been Mr. Khrushchev's exposition of his disarmament plan to the United Nations. No one can complain that it is not thorough enough. It is a scheme of complete disarmament spread over four years. Under it all armies, navies, general staffs, war ministries, and military educational establishments would be disbanded. All types of bombs and military rockets would be destroyed. In short, every country in the world would abandon and demolish all major weapons, as well as the forces trained and

complete believer in the likelihood of its going through, he is likely to exercise as strong a braking rôle upon it as anyone. No, my doubts are the kind that sometimes come to our minds when we look at a foal or a recently planted orchard or the synopsis of a book. These impressions are not to be despised.

However, in the case of the foal and, indeed, most others, we go on to ask ourselves: "What's wrong with it?" What is undoubtedly very wrong indeed is that it must depend from first to last upon control, and that all proposals for control of less ambitious schemes have hitherto broken down, and sometimes collapsed before the discussions have fairly started. This is no reason to justify failure to make fresh efforts. I submit, however, that it is a reason to start first on controls, indeed that it would be waste of time and would create dangerous misconceptions to confer at length, at the "Summit" or elsewhere, about the abolition of all armed forces and all armaments without once more treading the stony path towards control. I would agree that this might be considered rather more promising than for many years.

I would also agree that Mr. Khrushchev may be completely sincere in wanting some form of



WHERE THE PRESIDENT AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV MET ON SEPTEMBER 25 FOR THEIR WEEK-END OF SERIOUS TALKS ON THE COLD WAR: THE PRESIDENTIAL COTTAGE AT CAMP DAVID IN MARYLAND.

Speaking extempore at a luncheon at Pittsburgh on September 24, Mr. Khrushchev called for a reasonable flexible approach by both sides during his discussions with Mr. Eisenhower. If they stood on their respective positions—"then certainly our conversations to-morrow are not going to be very joyful. . . . May God give us strength to solve matters by reason, not by force—that is what all the peoples are expecting

of us." Discussing the prospects, Captain Falls says that the most one has been able to hope for hitherto has been "a foot by foot or even inch by inch approach to disarmament. The vision unveiled to the United Nations is unlikely to be more than that for a long time to come, but I can not believe that it was propaganda pure and simple. I hope I am right in my view that he does want some appreciable progress."

when he received a welcome such as he got in San Francisco he showed that he could display a charm such as he had never been credited with. His farewell words to the city expressed the hope that Russian friendship with the United States would be as bright as the sun of California.

Some of the shrewdest observers professed to detect extreme and sinister subtlety in certain of his performances. There were occasions on which chance spectators were enthralled, whereas official circles were unpleasantly puzzled: sudden deviations from the programme and substitutions which were rich in propaganda value. The drop-in on a rather shady labour organisation was most disconcerting because it revealed, apart from the obvious malice, that someone in his following knew how to suggest the most embarrassing action the distinguished visitor could take and that he was pleased to be able to avail himself of the opportunity afforded him.

Again, since so rosy a light was thrown on Mr. Khrushchev in San Francisco, it is not unfair to point out that the Vice-President of the United States was brutally grilled by him, without displaying in reaction more than a flicker of temper, and that by comparison the remarks in the United States which threw Mr. Khrushchev into furious tempers were simple and innocent. That about "burying" the country—a phrase constantly

maintained for their use. There would be a clean sweep. A state of affairs would be brought about without precedent in the history of peoples.

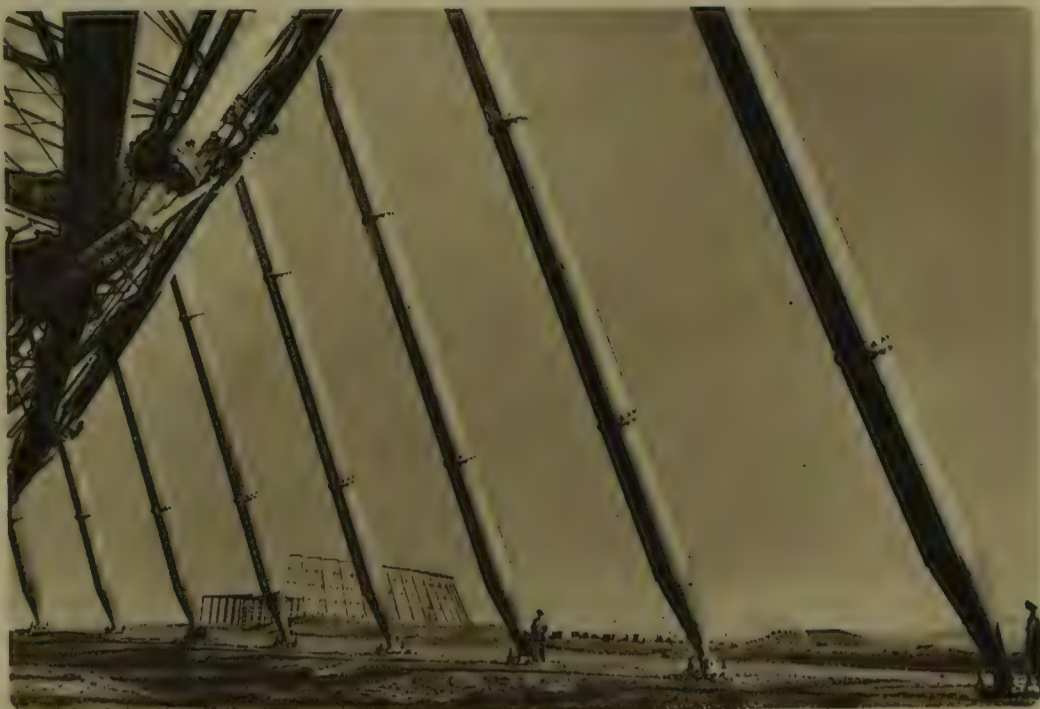
All that would be left would be much reduced forces of a militia type armed with light weapons. This would involve the disbandment of "dozens of millions" of fighting men and their embodiment in the labour forces of the nations. The first reaction was loud and prolonged applause from the audience. The second, both in this country and in the United States, was more guarded, but still polite and appreciative. The proposals were promised close study, and will doubtless get it. Until they have been elaborated in detailed conversations with President Eisenhower it seems hardly probable, however, that serious study can even begin. Meanwhile, the British Government has put forward suggestions, of a more modest character indeed, but pointing in the same general direction.

The first criticism I would make of what is at present known of the plan may appear to be irrational, but I feel that it is worth making. It does not look on the face of it a plan likely to succeed. I hasten to add a disclaimer of meaning by this that the evil fairies Dwight and Harold will ruin the beneficent designs of the good fairy Nikita. Even supposing the author to be a

disarmament, though I cannot believe that he has the slightest expectation of living to see disarmament as complete as that embodied in his plan. Then we may ask how China would come into all this. Is she in the mood for disarmament? She has long been engaged in predatory operations, conducted with great savagery, against a weak and singularly peaceable State. It may be answered that Mr. Khrushchev is not responsible for China and that the invitation is open to her as to all other nations, but it is likely that the Russian proposal was communicated to her. If so, her action on the Indian frontier with Tibet may have been a gesture of defiance.

These comments are not, however, written in a spirit of pessimism. If total disarmament in the near future can virtually be written off, as I think is the case, it nevertheless remains the case that Mr. Khrushchev seems to be more eager for a reasonable peace with the West than in the past. It is years since I abandoned hope of anything better than a foot by foot or even inch by inch approach to disarmament. The vision unveiled to the United Nations by Mr. Khrushchev is unlikely to be more than that for a long time to come, but I cannot believe that it was propaganda pure and simple. I hope I am right in my view that he does want some appreciable progress.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



THE AMERICAN ARCTIC. RAISING THE ANTENNA FRAME FOR AN EARLY-WARNING RADAR SYSTEM.

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC. THE GIANT STAYS WHICH ARE NECESSARY TO HOLD RIGID THE ANTENNA OF A RADAR SYSTEM DESIGNED TO DETECT A MISSILE IN SPACE 3000 MILES AWAY.

In the American Arctic 1400 men are working round the clock to erect a network of radar antennae, which are planned to detect intercontinental missiles in flight some 3000 miles away. In this way fifteen minutes' warning would be given of missiles launched against the United States. The system is designed by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and installed by the U.S. Air Force.

(Right.) OHIO, U.S.A. TWO WOMEN HOSTAGES ESCAPING FROM A CLEVELAND BANK, AFTER BEING RELEASED BY A GUNMAN WHO HAD ATTEMPTED A HOLD-UP ON SEPTEMBER 23. WHEN POLICE SURROUNDED THE BUILDING, THE GUNMAN, WHO LATER DIED, RELEASED HIS HOSTAGES AND ALSO THE BANK EMPLOYEES WHO HAD SUFFERED NO INJURY.



ATHENS, GREECE. THE GATHERING IN THE THEATRE OF HERODES ATTICUS FOR THE INAUGURATION OF THE 25TH INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS CONGRESS ON SEPTEMBER 25 BY QUEEN FREDERIKA OF THE HELLENES. REPRESENTATIVES OF 80 NATIONS ATTENDED.



CALAIS, FRANCE. PRESIDENT DE GAULLE, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS WIFE FOR THE FIRST TIME ON SUCH A TOUR, OUTSIDE THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT CALAIS DURING HIS NORTH FRANCE VISIT.

President de Gaulle has been making the fifth of his progresses through the provinces, this time in Northern France. On September 24 he visited Calais, Boulogne and Arras. On September 25 he visited Dunkirk and eight other towns.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



HEIDELBERG, WEST GERMANY. AWAITING A 135-FT. ANTENNA: A NEW TELEVISION TOWER NEWLY COMPLETED. IT IS NEARLY 125 FT. HIGH AND INCORPORATES AN OBSERVATION TOWER FOR VISITORS.



CYPRUS. GOING UNDERGROUND: TWO MEMBERS OF THE R.A.F. PARTY WHO EXPLORED THE AGHIRDA CAVE. An R.A.F. party "pot-holing" in the Aghirda Cave have made an important archaeological discovery. While investigating the cavern they came across pottery from three different periods, some of it Neolithic.



BALTIMORE, U.S.A. AN INVALUABLE AID TO FIREMEN OPERATING ON A MULTI-STOREY BUILDING, OF WHICH THE CITY HAS A GREAT NUMBER: THE NEW SNORKEL BEING TESTED AT THE TRAINING GROUNDS. THE LONG ARM CAN BE WORKED AS A SWIVEL.



CAIRO, U.A.R. IN MASS PROTEST AGAINST THE EXECUTION IN BAGHDAD OF ARMY OFFICERS ACCUSED OF PLOTTING AGAINST THE SECURITY OF IRAQ: STUDENTS STAGING A DEMONSTRATION. Students marched through the streets of Cairo on September 23 calling for the overthrow of General Kassem's régime in Iraq. The demonstration was caused by the execution in Baghdad of Iraqi Army officers and civilians accused of taking part in the Mosul revolt last year.



MANNHEIM, WEST GERMANY. TO ASSIST IN CUTTING DOWN TEDIOUS TELEPHONE GOSSIP: TRANSPARENT CALL-BOXES IN A POST OFFICE. BUT PERHAPS THEY HAVE OTHER ADVANTAGES TOO!

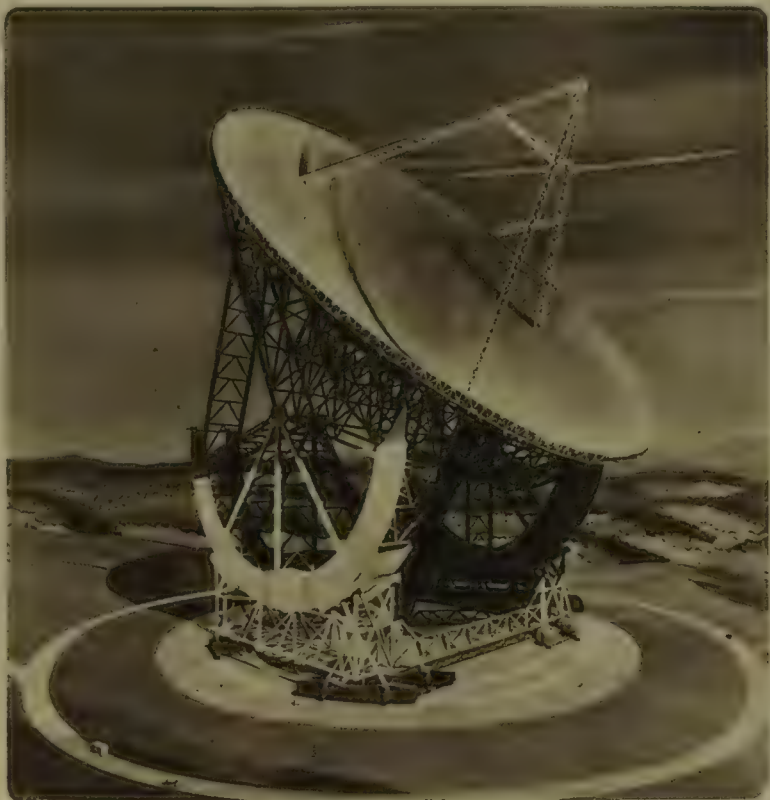


CAIRO, U.A.R. LINING UP TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED FIVE TIMES: THE SERVANTS OF TUTANKHAMEN BEING CHECKED BY OFFICIALS DURING AN INVENTORY CHECK. The loss of a large number of articles from display cabinets has necessitated a close inventory check at the Cairo Museum. As surprising as the losses has been the appearance of about 300 hitherto unrecorded items.



WINTERTHUR, SWITZERLAND. ACCUSED OF ARMED ROBBERY, ATTEMPTED MURDER, MURDER, REPEATED THREATS, AND CONTRAVENTION OF LAWS ON ALIENS: MR. DONALD HUME. The trial of Mr. Donald Hume, the thirty-nine-year-old Briton, began on September 24. He faces five counts, and the main allegation against him is that he killed a Zürich taxi-driver after robbing a bank. A year ago he was released from Dartmoor.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



WEST VIRGINIA, U.S.A. TO RECEIVE WAVES FROM 38,000 MILLION LIGHT YEARS AWAY: AN IMPRESSION OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO TELESCOPE.



WEST VIRGINIA. NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION: THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE 20,000-TON RADIO TELESCOPE. 10,000 YARDS OF REINFORCED CONCRETE ARE BEING POURED INTO THEM. The world's largest movable radio telescope, now being built in the mountains of West Virginia for the U.S. Navy, is expected to be completed by 1962. Its dish will be 600 ft. in diameter, compared with the 240-ft. dish at Jodrell Bank. Made chiefly of aluminium, it will cost about £28,000,000.



PARIS, FRANCE. A LARGE-SCALE CUT-OUT MODEL OF THE ITALIAN LINER *LEONARDO DA VINCI* BEING PREPARED FOR THIS YEAR'S SALON NAUTIQUE. THIS NEW TRANSATLANTIC LINER, BUILT AT GENOA, IS EXPECTED TO BE IN SERVICE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.



RABAT, MOROCCO. A DRAPED WAX MODEL OF THE KAABA (THE SACRED BLACK STONE OF MECCA) BEING CARRIED IN PROCESSION AT RABAT DURING THE "PROCESSION OF THE WAXES," AN OLD CEREMONY RECENTLY REVIVED.



FRANKFURT, WEST GERMANY. TRAFFIC CONTROL BY TELEVISION. IN THE POLICE H.Q. SIX TELEVISION SCREENS REPORT THE SITUATION AT SIX DIFFERENT CRUCIAL TRAFFIC POINTS—ENABLING EMERGENCY MEASURES TO BE TAKEN SWIFTLY.



PARIS, FRANCE. AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE CABLE BETWEEN BRITTANY AND NEWFOUNDLAND: (L. TO R.) THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AND THE FRENCH AND GERMAN COMMUNICATIONS MINISTERS.

On September 22 this telephonic cable was opened to traffic—the second transatlantic link of this kind, the first being the U.K.-U.S. cable opened in 1956. The new cable can carry 36 communications simultaneously, 13 each being reserved to France and West Germany.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



**SURAT, WEST INDIA.** THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER TAPTI: THE SCENE AFTER FLOOD-WATERS HAD SWEEPED THE BRIDGE FROM BENEATH THE RAILWAY-LINE.

The railway bridge over the River Tapti was only one of the victims of the recent flooding in Western India. In Surat at least 150 people have died and many of the 223,000 population have been clinging to rooftops after the river-banks burst. Troops have been rushed from



**SURAT, WEST INDIA.** THE SCENE IN SURAT, FLOODED WITH WATER FROM THE RIVER TAPTI, AS OCCUPANTS CLING HOPEFULLY TO WINDOWS AND ROOFS.

Bombay to bring help to the people. About 5000 houses and huts on the outskirts of the town have been totally or partially submerged by a tide of flood-water from the River Tapti, and for days there was no drinking water in the entire town.



**OFF NEW SOUTH WALES.** A "ROLL-ON, ROLL-OFF" FERRY UNDERGOING TRIALS: PRINCESS OF TASMANIA, BUILT TO PLY ACROSS THE BASS STRAIT.

The 4600-ton ferry will carry goods and passengers between Melbourne and Devonport, Tasmania. As merchandise can be driven directly on board, the great expenses of hold loading are eliminated, and Tasmanian manufacturers are expected to benefit a good deal.

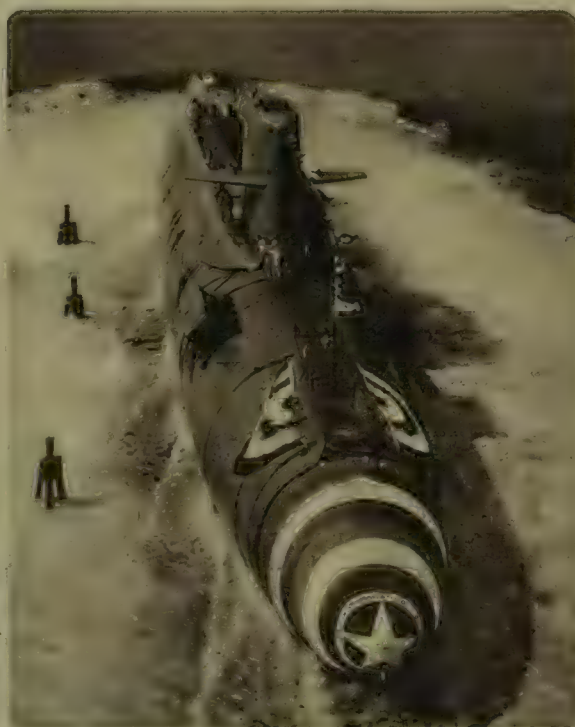


**PUNJAB, NORTH INDIA.** AFTER A FLOOD THAT WILL CAUSE A SIX-MONTHS SETBACK: THE BHAKRA DAM, REPUTED TO BE THE HIGHEST OF ITS TYPE IN THE WORLD.

Because of a structural failure a control tower on the huge Bhakra Dam was recently washed away, and the Power House, visible at the foot of the dam, was flooded and its generators submerged. Part of a huge project, the dam is on the Sutlej River, a tributary of the Indus.



**ATHENS, GREECE.** ADMIRING THE TWO HIGHLY-IMPORTANT BRONZE STATUES OF THE GODDESS ATHENA AND A MAIDEN, RECENTLY FOUND BY WORKMEN IN PIRÆUS: QUEEN FREDERIKA OF THE HELLENES IN THE ATHENS MUSEUM.



**CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.** THE SECOND OF ITS TYPE DESIGNED TO CARRY THE POLARIS BALLISTIC MISSILE: AMERICA'S ELEVENTH NUCLEAR SUBMARINE, THE PATRICK HENRY, BEING LAUNCHED AT GROTON. IT HAS THE LARGEST REACTOR YET PUT INTO A SUBMARINE.



**CAIRO, U.A.R.** FREED AFTER THREE YEARS IN AN EGYPTIAN GAOL ON CHARGES OF ESPIONAGE: MR. JAMES SWINBURN, WHO HAD BEEN IN EGYPT SINCE 1926. HIS FELLOW-PRISONER, MR. JAMES ZARB, IS STILL IN PRISON, SERVING A TEN-YEAR SENTENCE.

## A MIRROR TO AN AGE.

"MARCEL PROUST: A BIOGRAPHY." VOL. I. By GEORGE D. PAINTER.\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

FOR those of us who were still young in the years which immediately followed the First World War the name of Marcel Proust raises many memories. He himself died in 1922, and it is true that his phenomenal reputation was largely posthumous, but for more than a decade he was acclaimed as the greatest single influence on the literature of the 20th century. The writer and the man were indistinguishable, though his work is far more than mere autobiography. He was possessed of what may perhaps be described as a treble psychology, for with part of his brain he would admire and enjoy the sight of something, which he would criticise with another part, while yet a third stood aside watching what the other two were doing with complete detachment. He was, too, perpetually haunted by the psychology and physiology of his contemporaries and their forbears, and he was able to take their point of view completely. A homosexual, who was also at various stages of his career heterosexual, he was a master of metempsychosis, and a phenomenon of auto-creative imagination.

His critics declared that he was a *poseur*, and he certainly laid himself open to the accusation. Léon Daudet used to tell a story concerning a visit which Proust paid to the Daudets in Touraine. He came down from Paris on the evening train, spent the night in a cloud of Espic cigarette smoke which he used for his asthma, and left the next morning declaring that the tranquil magnificence of the Loire was unequalled. The truth is that in spite of an occasional obeisance to his birthplace, Illiers, he hated the country: it upset his carefully arranged sedentary life, and the voluntary confinement in which he read, dreamed, thought, and had his being. Once, when staying for a week at the Hotel de France et d'Angleterre at Fontainebleau with friends, he kept to his room all day, but consented in the evening to be driven in a victoria through the forest under the stars. Daudet very well said that "Proust has made a mosaic composed of his observation of actual things, a sort of abstract world in which he dwells quite happily, separated from everything and everybody by a sort of transparent screen."

Such was the man whose biography Mr. Painter is essaying in two volumes of which this takes the story down to 1903. It is not, he tells us in the Preface, "intended as a controversial work: my purpose is to discover facts and elicit their meaning, and the larger part of this book is devoted to the plain narrative of Proust's life." However this may be, such an approach to *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* has necessitated the holding of a mirror to the age in which Proust lived, and the resulting analysis of French Society during the earlier years of the Third Republic should appeal to a far wider circle of readers than those primarily interested in Proust.

He was, it must be confessed, one of the greatest snobs of all time:

The high society of Paris was never as exclusive as it is symbolically represented in *A la Recherche*. Political, scientific or literary eminence, even mere intelligence or charm, were valid passports to the salons, and society was a career open to the talents.

But Marcel wanted the *haut monde* to be more exclusive than it actually was, both to enhance its glamour and to increase his merit in arriving there; and for both these reasons, again, he wished to arrive suddenly and miraculously, and to be instantly accepted. This second wish was granted to him in real life, as to the Narrator in his novel; for Marcel was to discover that in this life all our desires are fulfilled, on the condition that they do not bring the happiness we expected from them.

In reality this was the France of Boulanger and of the Panama scandal; the France of whom it was said "how glorious the Republic seemed under the Empire." It was the France of *Gigi*.

It was a France that wished to forget 1870. Paris was never gayer than during the 'eighties and 'nineties of last century, and it had a charm for visitors to which our fathers have borne witness, but which it has never since known. Abroad, French prestige was maintained not by arms but by diplomacy, for the generals were only dangerous to their fellow-countrymen. In retrospect we can see that this gaiety was superficial, and that it was little more than the *alpengluh* of the Second Empire, but it

final catastrophe. One of these was on June 20, 1901, when he conceived the idea of giving a dinner-party with sixty guests of various shades of opinion, including such protagonists of differing points-of-view as Anatole France and Léon Daudet. The diners expected the crockery to begin flying at any moment, but the host exercised such a restraining influence that for two hours the utmost cordiality reigned:

Daudet seized on his audacious friend in the drawing-room: "No one else in Paris could have performed such a miracle, Marcel," he cried. "Monsieur, the fact is, Monsieur," Proust modestly replied, "it all depends on the way in which, the moment they come into the room, people's characters interlock!"

Such efforts, however, could do nothing to put back the clock, and to the Dreyfus Affair there succeeded Combes and his anti-clerical legislation. This was too much for Proust, and the old Dreyfusard began to move ever further to the Right:

Over the ruins of the Church he saw Saint-Jacques at Illiers; the exiled priests took on the face of the good Canon Marquis; and the argument about politics led him back to his childhood at Illiers, further than he had ever yet penetrated into Time Lost.

Combes, like Stalin, had been trained for the priesthood in his youth, but had become a militant atheist of a most unpleasant type. With all his faults Proust stood for the centripetal forces in French life, and he saw very clearly indeed the harm which Combes was doing in reopening every wound that had been caused by the Revolution and its consequences. "At the present time," Proust declared, "the Socialists commit the same error by being anti-clerical as the Clericals in 1897 by being anti-Dreyfusard."

He was to be proved right, for it was a divided France which entered the First World War, and which went down to disaster in its successor. It has not proved possible even yet to undo all the harm wrought by Combes and his associates, though to his credit the present ruler of France is obviously making the effort.

It is, indeed, the portrait of an age that Mr. Painter has sketched in this biography of Proust, and the highest tribute to his first volume is that it whets the appetite for the second.

\* "Marcel Proust: A Biography." Vol. I. By George D. Painter. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus; 30s.)



WITH ANTOINETTE FAURE IN THE PARC MONCEAU, PARIS: THE YOUNG MARCEL PROUST, SEEN IN THE CENTRE OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.

was a world in which Proust was delighted to move and which he described so minutely.

It vanished with the Dreyfus Affair, and France has never been quite the same again. Judicial error stirs up more feeling than the error of a doctor who closes the coffin over a living man, for nothing perturbs humanity so much as a great trial. One such trial lies at the roots of Christianity, while that of Socrates was a starting-point of philosophy. Men's minds were certain to be profoundly moved by the affirmation that an innocent man, the victim of racial prejudice, was undergoing an undeserved punishment. When it was further alleged, by a no less gratuitous supposition, that the military tribunal had been influenced by feelings of caste, and had abused a twofold power, drawn both from its judicial function and its hierarchical authority, an appeal was made to the instinctive French hatred of discipline. The spirit of anarchy was roused, life-long friendships were dissolved overnight, and members of the same family ceased to be on speaking terms.

Proust was a Dreyfusard, though a moderate one, and as he saw his world dissolving round him he made one or two supreme efforts to prevent the



THE GREAT FRENCH WRITER AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE: A PORTRAIT OF PROUST BY JACQUES EMILE BLANCHE IN 1892. SIR CHARLES PETRIE REVIEWS THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE NEW BIOGRAPHY OF PROUST ON THIS PAGE.

These illustrations from the book "Marcel Proust" are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

## THE FERMO CHASUBLE OF ST. THOMAS-A-BECKET —REVEALED AS THE EARLIEST FULLY DATED AND LOCALISED MAJOR ISLAMIC EMBROIDERY KNOWN.

By D. S. RICE, D.LIT., D. DE L'U., F.S.A., Professor of Islamic Art and Archaeology in the University of London.

(The author wishes to express his gratitude to the Italian authorities and to the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation for supporting his studies of the Chasuble of St. Thomas and the Suaire de St. Lazare, both of which he intends to describe in a detailed monograph. Photographs by the author, except for Figs. 4 and 5 which are reproduced by courtesy of FOTO GFN.)

FERMO (alt. 1047 ft., pop. 42,330), in the Italian province of Marche, is easily reached by rail and road via the pleasant seaside resort of Porto S. Giorgio, south of Ancona. The walled city, enclosing many fine mediæval and Renaissance buildings and some Roman remains, clings to a conical hill between the valleys of the Tenna and Etc. Towering above it, on a plateau which offers a splendid panorama of the surrounding mountains and the Adriatic, stands the Cathedral. It occupies the site of a palæochristian basilica of which a 5th-century mosaic (unearthed in 1937) showing two peacocks with an amphora between them, can be admired in the crypt together with a sarcophagus of the 4th century.

The edifice which replaced the early basilica was itself destroyed by the troops of Barbarossa in 1176 when the library also perished. The new façade was erected in 1227 in a transitional style between Romanesque and Gothic and the rose-window dates from 1348. The interior has undergone many transformations and one can see in the chapels paintings in the manner of Tiepolo, sculpture in the manner of Canova, an outstanding Byzantine icon of the 13th century set in a *repoussé*, storeyed silver frame, and a bronze tabernacle made by A. G. and L. Lombardo (1571), etc. In the sacristy, the treasure of the Cathedral may be visited. It includes among its oldest relics some fine ivory crozier-heads, a Fatimid rock crystal vessel of the early 11th century and the chasuble of Saint Thomas of Canterbury which is displayed in a case by itself. The chasuble is said to be the gift of a bishop of Fermo—Presbitero (1184–1204), who is reported to have known St. Thomas when both were students at Bologna, and who had a special devotion for him.

Like other early chasubles it is semi-circular in shape with a slit for the head and none for the arms (Figs. 4 and 5). It is 5 ft. 4 ins. (1.60 m.) high and has a circumference of 17 ft. 11 ins. (5.41 m.). The chasuble is made of light blue silk and nearly the whole surface is covered with embroidery, mostly executed in gold thread. Dr. Sigrid Müller-Christensen, of Munich, who very kindly examined the chasuble from the technical point of view, states that the blue silk is a plain weft twill in which the points of binding form a diagonal line. The warp, light blue, is Z-spun (twenty-four ends per cm.) and there is a filling warp, white, Z-spun (twenty-four ends per cm.). The weft is not spun. There are thirty-six to twenty-four shoots per cm., the upper one blue and the back shoot white. Matters are complicated by the fact that the embroidery was not originally intended for a chasuble. If we spread it out in a semi-circle, we can establish that it is made up of thirty-eight pieces of differing shapes and sizes. These were stitched together with red silk thread in running stitches and the circumference was surrounded with a braid originally intended for an oblong, not a circular, silk.

One can distinguish three varieties of seams: (a) seams joining two pieces of blue silk before the embroidery was begun, and covered by the threads of the embroidery; (b) seams joining two halves of the pattern after embroidery; here an unembroidered margin is tucked under and stitched together (see Fig. 10), clearly a seam which, like the preceding one, was part of the original scheme; finally (c) seams which join completed pieces of embroidery without regard to the design (Figs. 8 and 13).

The *décor* of the chasuble consists of forty large roundels measuring 8 ins. (20 cm.) in diameter on the inside which are joined by small roundels of half this diameter. In the spandrels between them are eight-cornered stars (Fig. 11). On the front of the chasuble (Fig. 4) we have twenty-three large roundels and the remaining seventeen are on the back of the vestment (Fig. 5). The subjects chosen by the embroiderers belong without exception to the secular, courtly repertoire. Apart from three roundels, whose embroidery is too badly worn to permit the identification of their iconographic themes, one can recognise: seven peacocks, seven griffins (Figs. 6 and 13), six eagles with spread wings (Fig. 8), two eagles alighting on gazelles (Fig. 11), one winged sphinx (Fig. 15), two winged lions (Fig. 2). A second group of large roundels contains compositions with human figures, two ladies looking out of howdahs placed on elephants (Fig. 9), two throne-scenes (unfortunately too badly damaged to be reproduced) show a personage seated cross-legged on a low throne,

with his slippers placed before him. On either side of the central large figure (who is shown frontally) are female attendants (shown in profile); one holds a bottle and proffers a beaker, the other agitates a fan. Furthermore, there are four roundels with horsemen with their falcons and



FIG. 1. THE LUXURIANTLY-SCROLLED PANEL FROM THE BACK OF THE CHASUBLE, TO SHOW THE KUFIC INSCRIPTION. The lettered arrows indicate (A) the point in the inscription which gives the date (A.D. 1116) and the place (Almeria) of the manufacture; (B) the beginning of the Kufic inscription.

dogs (Figs. 3 and 12) and the four remaining large roundels are made up of halves of animals. One can recognise half a lion superimposed on the lower half of a sphinx moving in the opposite direction without regard to the original compositions, etc.

The small roundels 4 ins. (10 cm.) in diameter which join the large ones are decorated with birds (Figs. 14 and 16) and quadrupeds (Fig. 7). Their backgrounds—unlike those of the large roundels where the blue silk was allowed to show—are completely covered with gold embroidery, some of it in relatively good state of conservation (Fig. 7).

The Fermo chasuble has only twice left the Cathedral, once for a textile exhibition in Rome (1937) and again for the exhibition of mediæval treasures in Italy held at Paris (1951). It was classified by some as Sicilian work and taken by others to be an *opus anglicanum*. That it is neither

of these may be learned from close examination of the oblong panel (14 by 104 cm.) (Fig. 1) which decorates the back and which is undoubtedly part of the original design. Surrounding a luxuriant inhabited scroll is an Arabic inscription in Kufic characters which begins with the traditional Muslim formula "In the name of Allah the Merciful the Compassionate, the Kingdom is Allah's . . ." What follows is badly damaged in places but some words can be made out clearly: "greatest blessing, perfect health and happiness to its owner . . ." After a gap of two or three words one reads: "in the year 510 in Mariyya."

There can be no further doubt about the date of the embroidery which was later cut up to fashion a chasuble. It was executed at Almeria, in Spain, in 510 of the hijra which corresponds to A.D. 1116—two years before the birth, in London, of Thomas Becket. Almeria, a busy and flourishing Mediterranean port, was then under the rule of the Almoravids (1084–1147). It was also the textile centre *par excellence* of Andalusia. The geographer Idrisi, writing in Sicily in 1154, only seven years after the capture of the city by Alfonso VII, mentions that before its downfall "it had 800 textile workshops in which silks, brocades and precious mantles were produced."

There are a good many parallels for the use of Islamic textiles in early mediæval church vestments, and it is not surprising that an embroidery executed at Almeria in A.D. 1116 probably for a regal mantle (of square cut) or for an oblong hanging should have been transformed into the chasuble now kept at Fermo as a relic of St. Thomas of Canterbury. There is nothing inconsistent with such an attribution, although the claim that it is a gift of Bishop Presbitero (1184–1204) cannot be supported by ancient documents, owing to the loss of all early archives. It is fitting to recall the admittedly apocryphal story that St. Thomas's mother was a daughter of a Saracen emir and had met his father during his Crusade to the Holy Land. One might mention that Thomas Becket was renowned for his splendid wardrobe and point out that a chasuble of 5 ft. 4 ins. must have been worn by a tall man—which he reportedly was. Whether it be an authentic relic of St. Thomas or not, the chasuble of Fermo deserves attention, not only for its intrinsic beauty but as being the earliest fully dated and localised major Islamic embroidery known to us. The next in date is the regal mantle of Roger II (quite different in style and technique) which was made in Palermo in A.D. 1132, as the Arabic inscription on its hem indicates.

Over a century older than the Fermo piece, but not explicitly dated, is the embroidery known as the Suaire de St. Lazare from the cathedral of this name in Autun. The largest piece of it is still in the Archbishop's Palace in Autun, but fragments have found their way into the Textile Museum at Lyons and the Musée de Cluny in Paris. It was probably also executed in Spain and consists of series of six-lobed medallions enclosing horsemen and sphinxes in alternating rows.

The embroidery of the Fermo chasuble, like that of the Suaire de St. Lazare, consists for the most part of gold thread which has a silk core with gilt membrane twisted around it. This gold thread was chevron-couched on the blue silk. The couching was done by pairs of threads (twenty-eight to thirty, *i.e.*, fourteen to fifteen pairs, per cm.). The outlines of the figures and frames were executed in stem-stitches in red silk thread. Light blue, white, red, green, yellow and dark brown (or black) threads were also used, but the last named have been almost completely destroyed by their pigment. The blue silk which forms the base of the embroidery has also suffered considerable damage. In many places the upper, blue threads have disappeared, leaving only the white threads of the undershoots visible. In many other instances, both blue and white threads have vanished, exposing the red lining which was fixed inside the chasuble at an unknown date (Fig. 15). This completely destroys the original colour scheme which was predominantly gold and blue. Furthermore, much damage has also been done in the past by hasty and unskilled restorations. Through wear and tear over nearly eight-and-a-half centuries, the tiny silk threads which were used to couch the gold threads have perished, leaving the latter to dangle precariously (Fig. 2).

It is gratifying to learn that a careful and sound restoration of this valuable embroidery is now being undertaken. This will entail the removal of the late, red lining and its replacement by a blue one tinted to match the original silk. After cleaning and the removal of all traces of the old crude restorations, the gold threads, and all other loose stitches, will have to be fixed by invisible threads, a labour which it is estimated will occupy 3000 hours of skilled work, and will require expert supervision. (Other illustrations of the chasuble appear on pages 357–358.)

## ST. THOMAS'S CHASUBLE: A WONDERFUL RELIC OF ISLAMIC NEEDLEWORK.

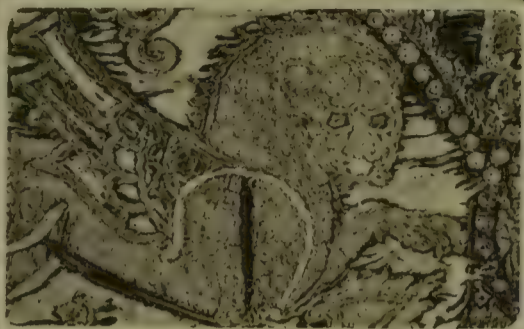


FIG. 2. FROM ONE OF THE LARGE ROUNDELS, SHOWING A WINGED LION. ON THE SHOULDER LOOSE GOLD THREAD CAN BE SEEN.

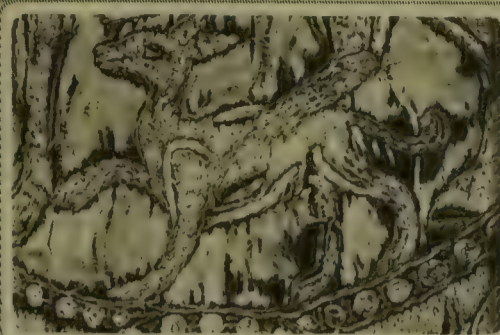


FIG. 3. THE FALCONER'S DOG. FROM THE LARGE ROUNDEL SHOWN IN FIG. 12. THIS COURTLY SUBJECT IS REPEATED FOUR TIMES.



(Above.) FIG. 4. THE SPLendid GOLD-EMBROIDERED CHASUBLE OF ST. THOMAS-A-BECKET, THE FRONT VIEW. THIS MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLE OF 12TH-CENTURY ISLAMIC EMBROIDERY IS AMONG THE GREATEST TREASURES OF THE CATHEDRAL OF FERMO. IT WAS MADE IN ALMERIA IN 1116 A.D.

(Below.) FIG. 5. THE BACK VIEW OF THE CHASUBLE OF ST. THOMAS SHOWING THE LONG PANEL WITH THE KUFIC INSCRIPTION (FIG. 1) WHICH DATES IT. THE RADIUS OF THE GARMENT IS 5 FT. 4 INS. AND IT WOULD NEED A TALL MAN TO WEAR IT.



(Above.) FIG. 7. A SMALL ROUNDEL. IN THESE THE BACKGROUNDS WERE ENTIRELY COVERED WITH GOLD EMBROIDERY.

(Above.) FIG. 6. ONE OF THE WINGED GRIFFINS, OF WHICH THERE ARE SEVEN IN THE LARGE ROUNDELS.



# AN ISLAMIC BESTIARY IN A CHRISTIAN RELIC.



FIG. 8. A SPLENDID SPREADEAGLE, ONE OF SIX SIMILAR LARGE ROUNDELS. ACROSS THE UPPER RIGHT IS AN ARBITRARY JOIN OF UNMATCHING PATTERNS.



FIG. 9. A LARGE ROUNDEL SHOWING A FULLY-CAPARISONED ELEPHANT ON WHOSE BACK IS A HOWDAH, FROM WHICH A LADY LOOKS OUT.

# ANIMALS FROM THE CHASUBLE OF ST. THOMAS.



FIG. 10. ONE TYPE OF JOIN. AN UNEMBROIDERED EDGE HAS BEEN LEFT FOR STITCHING, SO THAT PLANNED MATCHING DESIGNS COULD BE BROUGHT TOGETHER.



FIG. 11. AN EAGLE ALIGHTING ON A GAZELLE, SURROUNDED BY SMALL ROUNDELS, WITH 8-POINTED STARS CARRYING BIRDS IN THE INTERVENING SPANDRELS.



FIG. 12. ONE OF THE FINEST LARGE ROUNDELS: A MOUNTED HUNTSMAN WITH HIS FALCON ON HIS WRIST AND HIS DOG BETWEEN THE HORSE'S FEET.



FIG. 13. A LARGE ROUNDEL WITH A GRIFFIN, WHOSE WING "BLOSSOMS" INTO A FLOWER. THIS ALSO SHOWS ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF AN ARBITRARY JOIN.



FIG. 14. FROM THE SMALL ROUNDEL WHICH ADJOINS THE EAGLE AND GAZELLE OF FIG. 11: A PAIR OF PEACOCKS, MAKING A DELIGHTFUL FORMAL PATTERN.



FIG. 15. A LARGE ROUNDEL SHOWING A WINGED SPHINX WHOSE WING ALSO "BLOSSOMS." HERE THE BLUE SILK IS BADLY WORN.



FIG. 16. A SINGLE PEACOCK WITH ITS TAIL SPREAD—A CLOSE-UP OF A SMALL ROUNDEL, WHICH CAN ALSO BE SEEN IN THE HORSEMAN ROUNDEL OF FIG. 12.

IN his article (on page 356) on the Chasuble of St. Thomas-a-Becket, Prof. Storm Rice refers to the "admittedly apocryphal story that St. Thomas's mother was a daughter of a Saracen emir." St. Thomas was, in fact, the son of Gilbert Becket, a London merchant of knightly Norman origin, and [Continued opposite.

Continued.] Rohesia (or Matilda), a burgher-woman from Caen. The cult of the martyred Thomas spread with great rapidity through Christendom after his death; and the story of his being the child of a Saracen emir's daughter, converted to Christianity through love of Gilbert Becket, is found in a Latin MS of 1264-70, where it appears to be a copy of an earlier work.



# THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXXVI. FELSTED SCHOOL.



A VIEW OF THE VICTORIAN SCHOOL HOUSE, WITH GRIGNON HALL—BUILT IN 1931—IN THE DISTANCE. THE HEADMASTER'S HOUSE CAN BE SEEN IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND.

Felsted School, situated five miles from the village of Great Dunmow, Essex, was founded in 1564 by Richard, Lord Riche, Baron of Lee. This nobleman, whose family patronised the school until their decline in the late 17th century, was Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations under Henry VIII, and from 1547 to 1552 was Lord Chancellor of England. He established "the free schole of Richard Lord Riche" at Felsted to prepare boys for Oxford and

Cambridge, and also founded and endowed the Alms-Houses in the village, much of his wealth proceeding from the spoliation of the Dissolution of the Monasteries. Until the latter half of the 19th century, when the main Victorian School House was built, the school was carried on in the ancient building over the gateway of the churchyard. During the 17th century Felsted could number among its more illustrious pupils Isaac Barrow, the [Continued overleaf.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

FELSTED SCHOOL: FOUNDED BY A LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND IN 1564.



THE CLOISTERED JUNIOR SCHOOL, WHICH IS THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR FELSTED AND IS SITUATED JUST OUTSIDE THE SENIOR SCHOOL GROUNDS.



THE IMPOSING MAIN ENTRANCE TO FELSTED, WHICH IS CALLED THE STEPHENSON GATEWAY, AFTER A PROMINENT FORMER HEADMASTER.

*Continued.*] celebrated mathematician, who became Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Vice-Chancellor of the University; John Wallis, who in 1649 was appointed to the Savilian Professorship of Geometry at Oxford, a chair he held for fifty years; and the four sons of Oliver Cromwell. Noteworthy Headmasters of this period include George Manning (1597-1627), Martin

Holbeach and Christopher Glascock. During the 18th century Felsted flourished under such vigorous Headmasters as John Wyatt, William Drake—an eminent antiquarian—and William Trivett. At the beginning of the 19th century William John Carless, a prominent Headmaster, virtually laid the foundations for the school as it is to-day. When [*Continued opposite.*]

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.*

# FELSTED SCHOOL: VIEWS OF THE SCHOOL HOUSES—ANCIENT AND MODERN.



THE VICTORIAN SCHOOL HOUSE SEEN FROM ACROSS THE PLAYING-FIELDS, WITH BOYS COMING AND GOING FROM THE TUCK-SHOP, WHICH IS OPEN MOST AFTERNOONS.



FELSTED VILLAGE: THE ORIGINAL SCHOOL HOUSE AT THE GATES OF THE CHURCHYARD. THIS BUILDING HOUSED THE SCHOOL FROM ITS FOUNDATION IN 1564.

*Continued.]* Edmund Squire became Headmaster in 1813 there were sixty-four boys, but by 1829 this number had dwindled to a mere dozen. At this troubled period in Felsted's history a long-standing controversy as to the interpretation of a clause in the original Chantry Foundation Deed of 1555 was brought before the Chancery Court. As a result, in 1851, the school was reconstituted

along new lines. Patronage was abolished, eleven Trustees (all of whom were to be resident in Essex) appointed and preference given to boys living in Essex or born of Essex parents. Under one of its most celebrated Headmasters—W. S. Grignon, after whom the main School Assembly Hall is named—Felsted continued to expand. During his Headmastership the *[Continued overleaf.]*

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.*

# FELSTED SCHOOL: GEPP'S HOUSE, SANATORIUM AND THE CHAPEL.



A VIEW OF GEPP'S HOUSE AND THE SANATORIUM FROM THE GROUNDS NEAR THE CHAPEL.

*Continued.*] present School House was built (in 1866) and construction of new premises has been in progress ever since. In 1876, after much litigation and controversy, a Scheme was drawn up in accordance with the Endowed Schools Act of that year, which provided for the administration of the school by fourteen Governors. Felsted continued to progress steadily and to build up a reputation for itself under such Headmasters as D. S. Ingram, H. A. Dalton, Frank Stephenson, after whom the main gateway is named, Julian Bickersteth, and Alistair Andrew, who helped to edit "Felsted in Herefordshire," a history of the school's evacuation in 1940. The school, as it is to-day, is chiefly made up of boarders, though a few day boys, whose parents live within the parish of Felsted, are sometimes admitted. There are six senior houses, each made up of about sixty boys. The Junior School, which numbers 120 boys, is housed a little distance from the main school blocks. Outstanding among the modern buildings are the Courtauld Laboratory and the Grignon Hall and Memorial Blocks. The Cadet Corps, one of the first founded, celebrates its centenary this year.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.*



THE SCHOOL CHAPEL IN ITS DELIGHTFUL SETTING NEAR THE LAKE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE BURY.



OPENING PLYMOUTH'S REBUILT GUILDHALL: FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN DELIVERING HIS SPEECH ON THE DAIS DURING THE CEREMONY ON SEPTEMBER 24. THE GUILDHALL WAS DESTROYED IN THE BLITZ IN 1941.

One of the many victims of enemy bombing on Plymouth during the Second World War was its Guildhall, constructed in 1874. This building has now been reconstructed at a cost of nearly £500,000, and it forms the centre-piece of the rebuilt city shopping centre. An opening ceremony was held on September 24 to mark the completion of the work, and there to open it was Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein. He described the rebuilding of the Guildhall as a "magnificent achievement," and went on to say that

in any future war Plymouth's strategic importance would be second to none. Turning his attention to the scheme for constructing a Channel tunnel, Lord Montgomery said that he opposed any such plan, which would "strike a severe blow at British strategy which has always been based on sea power and the inviolability of our island home against the footsteps of an invader." Behind Lord Montgomery can be seen the large Gobelin tapestry, based on a design by Raphael, which is on permanent loan from Lord Clarendon.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



I BELIEVE that if you were to ask me what, in my thirteen years of turning three acres of waste land into a garden, had given me most pleasure, I should reply:

"My own ignorance." The man born to the work, or trained to it from boyhood, very rarely has the incomparable pleasure of astonishment. I shall never forget my delight when my first graft "took"; even to-day I am capable of pleased surprise on finding a fine crop of potatoes under the haulms. But the peak of excitement until now was due to finding that a whole seed-box full of lily seeds had, after nearly two years, germinated. Of course one knows—in the way one knows that the earth goes round the sun—that lilies, like any other plants, grow from seed. But to get them to do so oneself was quite another matter.

And had I not been ignorant I should never even have started with those seeds. For they were seeds of *L. martagon*, the capsule taken from plants which grow wild in a wood not a thousand miles from our house. The status of martagon lilies in the English flora is uncertain: most authorities give it as "naturalised," a few as native. But what I did not know was that it takes between five and seven years to get a flower from a martagon seed.

By no means all lilies take so long: I was given a pinch of *L. formosanum* seed by a friend. Following his instructions, I sowed them in heat early in February, five to an 8-in. pot, thinned the seedlings to three, and by October had a dozen pots of magnificent white trumpet lilies, fragrant and graceful, on 3-ft. stalks. The bulbs under them were subsequently planted out into the garden: here, the unhappier side of ignorance came into the story; I lost most of the bulbs—wrong soil, wrong site, wrong depth of planting. Enough survived, however, to establish themselves—and maintain my enthusiasm. I became a reader of lily books, and while thus dispelling some of my ignorance, also paralysed my new lily mania, and that for years—the reason being that I could not afford to grow lilies in our garden as it seemed to me they should be grown—to wit, as woodland plants under light shade and some sun, and with an under-cover of azaleas. This obstacle out of the way, however, a real start has at last been made. Part of our garden consisted of a large hole in the ground caused, according to local tradition, by the jettisoning of a Zeppelin's bomb-load

### ON NOT KNOWING IT ALL.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

in 1916 or 1917. A more probable explanation is: excavation for brick-earth in about 1800. At all events, self-sown trees—ash, elm and a hawthorn—had grown to a fine size round and in this hole by the time we bought the property. Our soil is chalky and we can grow no calcifuges. But by having this hole filled with lime-free loam, we made ourselves a tiny piece of woodland capable of growing rhododendrons. Here, then, I am working vast quantities of peat, leaf-mould and sand into an area to be protected by an

some other shrubs; among them will go the lily bulbs.

I shall buy a few flowering-size bulbs, just to keep up my courage; but meanwhile our small—and only—range of cucumber frames has been filled with J.I. No. 2 compost and made over to raising lily bulbs for at least four years. The seeds of fifteen species have been sown, the bulb scales of one (*L. martagon*) and the leaf-axil bulbils of one (*L. tigrinum*). Seven, including the

bulbils, have germinated already. One, at least, will not germinate until the spring of 1961. I hope, from time to time, to give news of the lily garden.

I have just had the pleasure of yet another surprise due to ignorance. Spending a week in Devonshire to get up strength for the 1959 vintage, and to get away from the spectacle of wasps consuming our supply of wine for 1961 while it is still on the vines, I noticed, in the hotel lounge, a vase of very attractive pink and red flowers, unknown to me, and which looked a little like an epipactis, a little like a small, coloured chinchinchee, a little like a miniature gladiolus, and a little like certain small, white asphodels which grow in the Touraine. They were locally grown—and I sought out the nurseryman-florist in ques-

tion. He had a large plantation of these flowers. The only name he had for them was "Kaffir lilies"—ergo, they are South African. I cannot say anything more about them until I am back among my reference books: but if, as the nurseryman assured me, they were once commonly grown here, are perfectly hardy, rapidly increase—being bulbous or rhizomatous—and flower steadily from September until Christmas, then it is time they were widely re-introduced. Even if they are not as hardy as all that, they could be cloched to provide flowers for the house in early winter.

It may be that in treating of Kaffir lilies as a "discovery," I am exposing myself to ridicule. Well, if half the nation grows them, all I can say is, I have never seen them in a garden before and I have the love of plants which makes me a fairly keen observer in other people's gardens as well as my own. My nurseryman-informant says that his stock of these plants survived the terrible winter of 1947-48, and has given me a "clump" of each colour. We shall see how they do in east Kent.



ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF TRUMPET LILIES, *LILIUM LEUCANTHUM CENTIFOLIUM*, GROWING AMONG SHRUBS.

This magnificent variety is one of the strongest possible arguments for growing lilies from seed, in as much as all the plants of it now in cultivation are descended from seed collected by Reginald Farrer in 1914 from two plants growing in two Chinese gardens outside Siku, in Southern Kansu. In very favoured gardens it can reach 9 or 10 ft., and some single stems have been known to carry as many as fifteen or seventeen flowers. (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

artificial bank, which I am building up at the same time. Bank, and the place it protects, will be planted with dwarf evergreen azaleas and perhaps

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# A CASE UNIQUE IN ENGLISH LEGAL HISTORY: THE JUDGE, LEADING COUNSEL AND SOME WITNESSES IN REGINA *VERSUS* PODOLA.



DR. MICHAEL ASHBY, OF HARLEY STREET, A NEUROLOGIST, WHO GAVE EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE ON THE 4TH AND 5TH DAYS.



DR. E. H. LARKIN, A CONSULTANT PSYCHIATRIST OF WIMPOLE ST., WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE ON THE 5TH DAY.



DR. COLIN EDWARDS, A CONSULTING NEUROLOGIST—FOR THE DEFENCE, 3RD AND 4TH DAYS.



DR. P. HARVEY, CONSULTANT PHYSICIAN AT ST. STEPHEN'S, WHO GAVE EVIDENCE ON THE 1ST AND 2ND DAYS.



DR. DAVID STAFFORD-CLARK, IN CHARGE OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE AT GUY'S, WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE ON THE 8TH DAY.



MR. F. H. LAWTON, THE QUEEN'S COUNSEL WHO CONDUCTED PODOLA'S DEFENCE AT BOTH THE TRIALS AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.



GUENTHER FRITZ PODOLA, A 30-YEAR-OLD GERMAN-BORN PHOTOGRAPHER, FOUND GUILTY ON SEPT. 24 OF THE MURDER OF DETECTIVE-SERGEANT PURDY AFTER A UNIQUE PRELIMINARY TRIAL.



MR. MAXWELL TURNER, THE SENIOR TREASURY COUNSEL, WHO APPEARED FOR THE CROWN AGAINST PODOLA IN BOTH THE TRIALS—ON PODOLA'S FITNESS AND HIS GUILT.



DR. DENIS LEIGH, A PSYCHIATRIST, WHO GAVE EVIDENCE FOR THE CROWN ON THE 7TH DAY.



DETECTIVE-SERGEANT ALBERT CHAMBERS, WHO GAVE EVIDENCE OF THE ARREST OF PODOLA—ON THE 6TH DAY.



MR. JUSTICE EDMUND DAVIES, THE JUDGE, WHO SAID THAT THE PLEA OF AMNESIA WAS A UNIQUE CLAIM.



DETECTIVE-SUPERINTENDENT DAVID HISLOP, IN CHARGE OF THE CASE, WHO GAVE EVIDENCE ON THE 6TH DAY



DR. F. H. BRISBY, SENIOR M.O., BRIXTON PRISON, WITNESS FOR THE CROWN, 6TH AND 7TH DAYS.

On July 13, Detective-Sergeant Raymond William Purdy was shot dead while arresting a man suspected of demanding money by menaces over the telephone. On July 16 a thirty-year-old German-born photographer, Guenther Fritz Podola, was arrested in a South Kensington hotel and taken to Chelsea Police Station. The following day he was taken to St. Stephen's Hospital. On August 14, in a hearing in camera at Tower Bridge, Podola was sent for trial on a charge of murdering Detective-Sergeant Purdy, the trial to take place at the Central Criminal Court; and Podola was then taken to Brixton Prison. On September 10 the case opened before Mr. Justice Edmund Davies, Mr. F. H. Lawton, Q.C., leading for the defence, Mr. Maxwell Turner leading for the Crown. Mr. Lawton then stated that all the evidence he had was to the effect

that Podola had completely lost his memory for all events before July 17; Mr. Maxwell claimed that this amnesia was feigned. After various submissions, a jury was empanelled to say whether Podola was so insane that he could not be tried for the indictment. This preliminary trial lasted nine days, closing on Sept. 22, when the jury found that the amnesia was feigned and that Podola was fit to plead. The case mainly consisted in the evidence given by doctors, neurologists and psychologists and police witnesses who described the circumstances of Podola's arrest. The trial proper, before a new jury, began on Sept. 23. Unlike the first trial, this was brief, and on the afternoon of Sept. 24 the jury found Podola guilty of the capital murder of Detective-Sergeant Purdy and he was accordingly sentenced to death.



**H**ORACE, pottering about his Sabine farm and taking a dim view of the social round of the capital, let it be known in a playful and immortal lyric that he detested Oriental luxury (the usual free translation of "*Persicos apparatus*"). Had he lived between 1000 and 1800 years later he would, I like to think, have written other verses in praise of certain Chinese works of art just as John Keats was destined to write about a Grecian Urn; he would, in short, have experienced the pleasure, by now commonplace to us, of becoming acquainted with not merely the sometimes over-flamboyant objects of art which Europe so much admired as soon as trade with the Far East was opened up, but with those austere and exquisite pieces the Chinese mostly kept for themselves.

Such pieces, at once refined and taut, were produced in quantity from about A.D. 1000 onwards, at first in those delicate single-toned glazes in fashion under the Sung Emperors and then, as technical means expanded, expressed both in noble shapes and sensitive painting. This particular facet of the Chinese potter's craft, so different in kind and in manner from much of what our ancestors most admired, is seen to great advantage in the little water-pot of Fig. 1; something which would hardly have been shown to the rough ships' captains of the day who came to trade, partly because they would scarcely have appreciated it and partly because there was an ample market for it among cultivated Chinese collectors. A pleasure to handle and to feel the smooth white glaze beneath one's finger-tips and to note with what reticence the

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### PORCELAIN FROM CHINA, CHANTILLY AND MEISSEN.

But the ordinary Chinese porcelain statuette, those innumerable godlings, are to me rather a bore, a surprising contrast to the gay, witty and gracious personages from Meissen or Chelsea or best of all from Nymphenburg; or—and here I quarrel with many fine judges—with those figures and groups "in the biscuit" (that is, unglazed) from Sèvres, which, I have been assured, ought not to be admired because they are imitations of something else. Why, please, is it good to make a statuette of bronze or marble and bad to make it of porcelain? But I digress. This little perfume-burner is obviously derived from a Far Eastern source (Fig. 2) and yet could scarcely be more

In due course (according to the late Mr. W. B. Honey) this distinctive glaze was given up for the normal lead-glaze with its creamy tones. The mark—a hunting horn—soon became famous, but many pieces, certainly Chantilly, were left unmarked. Useful pieces—plates and dishes—are far less rare than figures and, though one hears little about them, both are beautifully represented at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

To go from Fig. 1 to Fig. 3 is, I admit, to descend from the upper region of the sky to the very earthy earth, and yet, when one calls to mind how often potters and others have attempted to express the cattiness of cats and failed, these two are perhaps deserving of honourable mention. They are Meissen cats and have been favourites from the first moment the first pair saw the light somewhere about the middle of the 18th century; the one holding the rat in its mouth is white with dark brown markings; the other, with its paw apparently at the salute, is white with light ginger markings on head, back and tip of tail. Similar models with different markings and, I suppose, of the 1740's (while I would hazard a guess that the two illustrated here are some years later) were seen on the London market eighteen months ago and had been held in high honour, for they were seated upon splendid Louis XV ormolu mounts, whereas these creatures are provided with no such luxuries.

They belong to that immense menagerie of birds and beasts—from pelicans to parrots, from King Charles spaniels to bears and pugs, both large and small, all acutely observed, some modelled with a queer streak of humour, which are part of the extraordinary contribution which several generations of Meissen chemists and artists made to the gaiety of household interiors; a



FIG. 1. A CHINESE PORCELAIN WATER-POT FROM THE REIGN OF K'ANG HSI. FRANK DAVIS WRITES: "WHOEVER OWNS IT... IS THE RECIPIENT OF MY ENVIOUS CONGRATULATIONS." (From a recent sale at Sotheby's: 3½ ins. high.)



FIG. 2. DERIVED FROM A FAR EASTERN SOURCE, BUT SHOWING "A VERY EUROPEAN CHINAMAN": A PORCELAIN PERFUME-BURNER FROM CHANTILLY. (From a recent sale at Christie's: 10 ins. wide.)

painter has drawn his flowers and leaves and distributed them in the space at his disposal. The thing is very small—only 3½ ins. high—and decorated on both sides with two sprays of flowering peonies in under-glaze copper red with green stems and leaves. Beneath is the six-character mark of the Emperor K'ang Hsi (A.D. 1662–1722). It turned up in a sale last season, its near twin eighteen months previously; whoever owns it—or both of them—to-day is the recipient of my envious congratulations.

Europe has now spent two centuries-and-a-half in imitating similar Chinese marvels. Mostly it has failed, though it has occasionally managed to devise something peculiarly good of its own. I take the no doubt heretical view that, on the whole, the Chinese were not very good when they tried to model figures. To that pontifical assertion I make one notable exception: the wonderfully flowing, sensitive treatment one or two modellers gave to the *blanc de chine* of Fukien, best seen in certain creamy-white figures of the Goddess of Mercy, Kuan Yin, of the 17th and 18th centuries. There are plenty of stilted, stiff figures of the Goddess even in this lovely material, but the finer are composed in a series of harmonious curves and the features are at once remote and kindly.

French—a very European Chinaman, holding a large globular pierced bowl on his lap, his robes decorated in colours in the style of the Kakiemon porcelain from Japan. Apart from the question of the characteristic glassy glaze, only one European factory in the early days of experiment succeeded in modelling figures of quite this type, though all of them tried—and that was Chantilly, where you now go hoping to see your particular horse gallop faster than its competitors and/or to enjoy the treasures in the neighbouring château.

Amid these delights it is easy to forget that there was once a famous porcelain factory at Chantilly, founded by Louis-Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, as long ago as 1725—an enterprise which did not finally come to an end until about seventy-five years later, when it had become the property of an Englishman, Christopher Potter, who had also owned a little works in Paris itself at the very moment of the Revolution, 1789, and proudly advertised "*Manufacture du Prince de Galles*." But nothing of much consequence came from Chantilly after about 1780 and its fame rests mainly upon its early output and the milky whiteness of its glaze—a tin-glaze apparently such as was used for faience, which renders it quite distinct from other porcelains.



FIG. 3. FULL OF "CATTINESS": A FAVOURITE PAIR OF MEISSEN PORCELAIN CATS, MADE ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE 18TH CENTURY. (From a recent sale at Sotheby's: 7½ ins. high.)

contribution which is second only to the brilliant little statuettes, whether single figures or groups, by which Meissen is best remembered.

Without spending the next two years going round the world making a census, I estimate that cats appear less frequently in art than dogs. The noblest are, by general consent, Egyptian cats, whether in wood or granite, and that is no surprise, for the creatures were divine, and when, writes Diodorus, a Roman visitor accidentally killed a cat, "neither the efforts of magistrates sent by Ptolemy to protect him nor the universal fear inspired by the might of Rome could avail to save the man's life."

But there are many to be found in Western painting, notably the cosy, affable, sleepy animal who can almost be heard purring in the little panel in the National Gallery by Antonello da Messina of St. Jerome in his study; and—nearer to our own time—in the adorable painting of the little girl holding the kitten, by Perronneau. These Meissen beasts belong to a different category—hard-working, independent ratters, fending for themselves, not unlike that wonderful cat of cats immortalised by the late Don Marquis in "*Archie and Mehitabel*."

# FOR AUCTION IN LONDON: A FAMOUS MSS. COLLECTION.



"THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT": A LEAF FROM A PARISIAN EARLY 15TH-CENTURY "HOURS OF THE VIRGIN," SHOWING THE UNUSUAL BORDER WHICH APPEARS ON EACH LEAF. (Page size: 6½ by 4½ ins.)



"A BATTLE BETWEEN ROMANS AND CARTHAGINIANS": A DETAIL OF A LEAF FROM A FRENCH TRANSLATION OF "VALERIUS MAXIMUS." A PARIS MS., EARLY 15TH CENTURY. (Page size: 14½ by 10½ ins.)



"THE CREATION": A DELIGHTFUL 15TH-CENTURY LEAF FROM "ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE," AN ENGLISH MS., PROBABLY FROM BURY ST. EDMUNDS. MANY OF THE OTHER LEAVES ARE 12TH CENTURY. (Page size: 6½ by 4½ ins.)



"ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK": A DETAIL FROM THE "HOURS OF THE CROSS AND PRAYERS" MS.; TOURS, LATE 15TH CENTURY. (Page size: 5 by 3½ ins.)



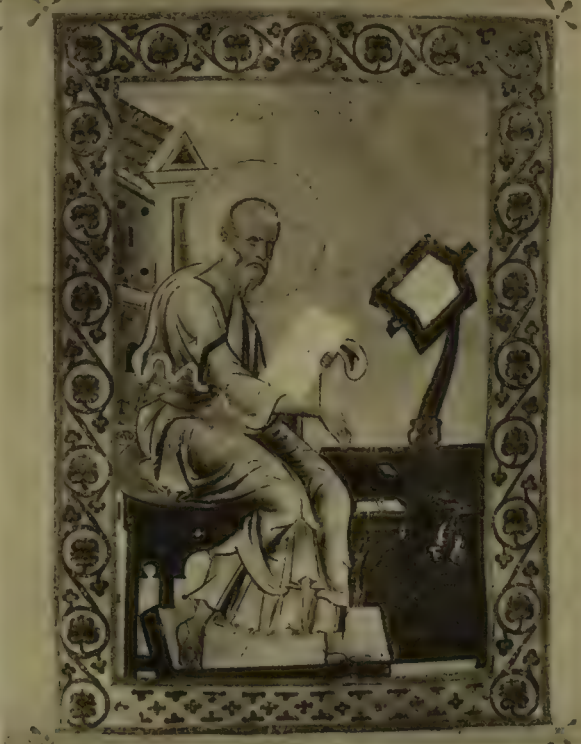
"ST. THOMAS AQUINAS": A LEAF FROM THE SAME TOURS MS., WHICH IS INCLUDED IN THE DYSON PERRINS SALE ON DECEMBER 1. (Page size: 5 by 3½ ins.)



"ST. CHRISTOPHER CARRYING THE INFANT CHRIST": ANOTHER DETAIL FROM THE MS. "HOURS OF THE CROSS AND PRAYERS." (Page size: 5 by 3½ ins.)



"THE CRUCIFIXION": PART OF A LEAF FROM A PARISIAN LATE 15TH-CENTURY "HOURS OF THE VIRGIN." (Page size: 5½ by 3½ ins.)



"ST. JOHN": PART OF A LEAF FROM THE "GOSPELS OF ST. LUKE AND ST. JOHN, IN GREEK," BYZANTINE, LATE 12TH CENTURY. (Page size: 9½ by 6½ ins.)



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI": PART OF A LEAF, ALSO FROM THE LATE 15TH-CENTURY "HOURS OF THE VIRGIN." (Page size: 5½ by 3½ ins.)

The forty-six Western and Oriental Illuminated Manuscripts, due to be auctioned on December 1 at Sotheby's, 34 and 35, New Bond Street, London, form the second part of the magnificent collection of the late C. W. Dyson Perrins. Readers may remember that previous records were eclipsed when the first part of this collection was sold on December 9 last year, and that

illustrations of some of the outstanding manuscripts appeared in our issues of November 22 and December 20 of that year. Furthermore, a number were purchased by the British Museum. The second part of the collection is likely to create as much interest as the first, and several of the most interesting leaves, or details from them, are illustrated on this page.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ON July 8 the B.B.C. South-East Regional News Bulletin contained the story of a fire believed to have been started by a bird carrying a lighted cigarette. This is a subject I have been following closely for some three years, with two objects in mind. The first is to ascertain how frequently such incidents occur, and the second object is to find how such a fire breaks out. There is a third, but subsidiary, object arising from a review of my recent book "Phoenix Reborn." In that book I have brought together, among other things, such incidents as had come to my notice bearing on this subject. In his review of this book, in "British Birds," K. E. L. Simmons remarked: "It is clear that captive corvids, especially the Rook and the Carrion Crow, will ant with a variety of hot objects, which act as abnormal (probably supernatural) stimuli, and that wild rooks, at least, will sometimes ant in chimney smoke. The reviewer is far from convinced, however, that such behaviour occurs at all regularly in nature." I hope to show that addiction to smoke and hot objects is so widespread among certain birds that it can hardly be called abnormal, whatever else it may be called.

First, then, the behaviour in smoke: anyone who looks specially for this over a period of time will soon be convinced that rooks, jackdaws and starlings are very prone to sit on the rims of chimney-pots with wings spread, in the posture known as "anting." It is called by this name because this particular posture was first noticed in birds picking up ants in the bill, spreading one or both wings, twisting the tail to one side, and passing the head rapidly up and down under one wing, as if rubbing the ant on the feathers. The appearance of the bird, when it does this, can only be described as fantastic. And, once seen, cannot be mistaken.

It is my opinion that the reason why it is so seldom observed is because it only takes place when smoke is issuing from the chimney, and this is chiefly in winter, a season of rain, snow or cold winds, when one is less tempted to look above eye-level. Otherwise, it is inexplicable that even an ornithologist of limited experience should fail to notice it. Having made a point of looking for it, I can say categorically that it is not infrequent.

Now for the hot objects: these may be hot ashes and glowing embers of various kinds, but more especially smouldering cigarette-ends, merely because these are the most widely dispersed. They may be thrown down anywhere, in town or country. I have come across so many instances, either at first hand or from reliable witnesses, of birds picking these up and flying away with them, that I am prepared to state, equally categorically, that a fair percentage of rooks, carrion crows, hooded crows, jackdaws, magpies and jays, whether in captivity or in the wild, are prone to be attracted to glowing materials as they are to bright metallic objects. But there are birds other than members of the crow family that will do the same.

There is support for this in the records of unexplained fires in trees, thatched roofs and in the roof-spaces of buildings generally. And here I would return to the broadcast item of July 8. My enquiries through the B.B.C. led me to write to the Chief Officer of the Kent Fire Brigade, and I would like to quote from his reply because it has a direct bearing on this case: "... there is very little I can tell you ... as unfortunately there was no witness of the bird actually carrying the cigarette and our 'supposed cause of fire' was based solely on the elimination of any other cause which could be thought of. The fire started in the upper part of an old tree in which

### "BIRDS THAT SMOKE IN BED."

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

there was known to be a bird's-nest. It was a tree which it was not possible for children to climb and there seemed very little doubt that the fire originated in the nest."

Every year similar incidents are reported in



THE SCENE OF A FIRE CAUSED BY A JACKDAW TWO YEARS AGO: A YEW TREE SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE BIRD'S-NEST. THE JACKDAW MUST HAVE BROUGHT IN SOME FORM OF FIRE IN ITS BEAK, AND THE HOLLOW TRUNK FORMED A NATURAL FLUE AND CHIMNEY.



IN THE REMARKABLE "ANTING" POSTURE: THE COMMON JAY, SHOWING HOW THE WINGS MIGHT UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES FAN A GLOWING EMBER AND MAKE IT BURST INTO FLAMES.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

the Press. Wherever possible I try to follow these with my own enquiries. Always, the best I achieve is similar to the information contained in the letter from the Chief Officer of the Kent Fire Brigade. Where it is possible to press these enquiries closely it becomes clear that human agency, as the cause of the fire, can be ruled out. And so far as the trees are concerned, it is significant that

the fire is always in the upper part. What I had not been able to see, until recently, was the actual tree where such an outbreak had occurred.

A few weeks ago I was being shown round some plantations. The head forester, who was my guide, began speaking of forest fires, and then asked my opinion on an incident that occurred two years ago. The circumstances were these. One of his woodmen was walking through a wood when he felt something hot on the back of his neck, looked up and saw a small fire in the upper part of a large yew. With the dried bracken around, it was clear that unless this were dealt with quickly a young plantation adjacent to the yew would soon be ablaze. The woodman made all haste to the nearest telephone, to summon the fire brigade, who quickly had the fire out. The fire officer then gave it as his opinion that the fire had been caused by a bird. Having told his story, the head forester then asked me if I thought this possible.

To interrupt this story, it should be said that I have collected a number of bird's-nests, at the end of the breeding season, and choosing hot days, and with the material of the nests bone-dry, I have tried placing smouldering cigarettes in them in the hope of setting them on fire. At no time did I succeed. Why, then, should it happen when a bird does this same thing? The only answer I could find was that probably, when it held its wings in the anting posture, the bird gently fanned the glowing ember, or that the wings induced a flue effect that drew the ember into flames, but no attempt I made to simulate this had the desired effect.

At last, however, I was to have the opportunity to examine the actual tree that had been burning. The forester led me to the tree. It was in a private wood where few people go and well away from human habitations. It was virtually unclimbable and it was practically impossible for anyone deliberately to have thrown a burning ember, such as a cigarette-end, into the place where the fire had started. Twenty feet up from the base was an oval hole, about 9 ins. high, leading into the hollow trunk at the top. It formed a perfect flue and chimney, and it was easy to see that on a hot day there could be a convection current rising in it, and that this could be augmented by the movements of a large bird, especially if it were anting. Indeed, I have seen a captive rook on the ground draw embers into flame by anting over them."

The circumstantial evidence is so strongly in favour of believing that fires can be caused by birds in old trees and roofs, that we can accept it as fact despite the cause and origin of the fire never having been witnessed. Firemen generally, so far as I can ascertain, are convinced of it, and I am given to understand that in some fire brigades, at least, there is a standing joke about "the bird that smokes in bed."

When we add together all the reports of tame birds being addicted to flying off with cigarette-ends, or other embers, the reports of wild birds seen doing the same, and the number of fires each year in which a bird is the supposed cause of fire, it seems likely that this is something that does occur regularly in nature.

One last word: let us not blame the birds, nor start a campaign of persecution. The moral is, let no smoker under any circumstances throw down a cigarette-end that has not been extinguished, or that cannot be extinguished there and then on the ground. It would mean fewer calls on the services of the fire brigades—the world over.

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**APPOINTED COMMANDANT, R.M.A.:**  
MAJOR-GEN. GORDON LENNOX.  
Major-General G. S. Gordon Lennox, the new Commandant at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, is fifty-one, and since April 1957 has been G.O.C. 3rd Infantry Division. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he served with the Grenadier Guards throughout the Second World War, in Europe, Africa and in the Far East.

**ELECTED LORD MAYOR OF LONDON:**  
SIR EDMUND STOCKDALE.  
Sir Edmund Stockdale, J.P., who has been Alderman of Cornhill since 1948, has been elected Lord Mayor of London. He was an official of the Bank of England until 1945, and in the following year was elected to the Court of Common Council, City of London. He is a member of the boards of several hospitals.

**INVESTIGATING H. JASPER AND CO., LTD.:** MR. NEVILLE FAULKS, Q.C.  
Mr. Neville Faulks, Q.C., fifty-one, has been appointed by the Board of Trade Inspector to investigate the affairs of H. Jasper and Co., Ltd. Mr. Faulks has a wide experience of commercial law and acted as counsel in the Bank Rate inquiry. The Board of Trade have powers under the Companies Act 1948 to appoint an inspector.

**THE HEAD OF THE JASPER GROUP OF COMPANIES:** MR. H. JASPER.  
Mr. Harry Jasper, fifty-four, is the head of the Jasper group of fifteen companies which come under the Council of the Stock Exchange ban imposed on September 21. Mr. Jasper, who came to this country before the last war from Germany, entered into prominence this year with a series of take-over deals and bids.

**AN AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR LESLIE MORSHEAD.**  
Lieut.-General Sir Leslie Morshead, who commanded the 9th Australian Division at the siege of Tobruk and was in command of the Australian forces in the Middle East 1942-43, died in Sydney on September 26, aged seventy. On retiring from the Army he embarked on a successful business career in Australia.



(Left.)  
**RETIREMENT OF A GREAT CRICKETER AND A BELOVED SPORTING PERSONALITY: MR. GODFREY EVANS.**  
Cricket has lost one of its most attractive and brilliant figures with the retirement of Mr. Godfrey Evans, the Kent wicket-keeper, who has played more or less regularly for England since 1946, taking part in ninety-one Test Matches in all; a record.



**THE VICTIM OF POLITICAL ASSASSINATION, THE PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON: THE LATE MR. SOLOMON BANDARANAIKE WITH HIS WIFE.**  
Mr. Bandaranaike died at the age of sixty on September 26 in Colombo from gunshot wounds inflicted by a Buddhist monk. He had been Prime Minister of Ceylon since 1956, during which time his programmes and reforms led to much internal disturbances. One of his last acts was to save his wife from his assassin. His successor, Mr. Dahanayake, has been sworn in as Prime Minister.

(Right.)  
**A SAD LOSS TO HORSE RACING: MR. E. MERCER, KILLED AFTER A FALL.**  
Mr. E. Mercer, one of England's leading jockeys, was killed on September 26 when his mount threw him and kicked him on the head. Mr. Mercer was a much-respected jockey, who had recently completed his 100 winners for the season. Aged 29, he was known as an outstanding horseman.



(Right.)  
**THE GREAT OPERATIC SINGER MAKING HER FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE FESTIVAL HALL: MME. MARIA CALLAS.**  
Mme. Maria Callas, thirty-five, is shown here at her first appearance at the Royal Festival Hall on September 23, where she received an overwhelming ovation and took twelve bows. She was singing a programme of operatic arias with the L.S.O.



(Left.)  
**A FORMER HEAD OF W.R.N.S.: THE LATE DAME VERA LAUGHTON MATHEWS.**  
Dame Vera Laughton Mathews, who was Director of the Women's Royal Naval Service throughout the Second World War, died in London on September 25 at her home. On her retirement as Director in 1946, she continued to have a very active life up to the time of her death.



**A BRITISH WARTIME C.I.G.S. AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, HOME FORCES: FIELD MARSHAL LORD IRONSIDE.**  
Field Marshal Lord Ironside died in London, aged seventy-nine, on September 22. He first came to the fore in his North Russian expedition in 1918. He was appointed C.I.G.S. at the outbreak of war and became Commander-in-Chief Home Forces in 1940.



**AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO HAS CLIMBED THE WETTERHORN: TIMOTHY FEARON (LEFT) WITH HIS BROTHER AND FATHER AND SWISS GUIDES.**  
Timothy Fearon, an eight-year-old London boy, is the youngest boy ever to climb the 12,160-ft. Wetterhorn. On September 21 he accompanied his father, Mr. John Fearon, and his elder brother Patrick. The climb commemorated the first conquest of the peak by the boys' great-grandfather 100 years ago.



**THE PERUVIAN DELEGATE ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS.**  
Dr. Victor Andres Belaunde, seventy-six, who has been elected to the Presidency of the General Assembly of the United Nations for the fourteenth session, has been his country's delegate at the United Nations since the war. (Photograph by Katherine Young.)



RE-ERECTED HIGHER UP THE RIVER. THE 17TH-CENTURY PACK-HORSE BRIDGE WHICH IS NOW TO BE A MEMORIAL TO JOHN DERRY, EDITOR OF THE SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT. The original site of this bridge was submerged by the Ladybower Reservoir in 1947. In 1940 the bridge had been dismantled, each stone being numbered, and it is now rebuilt by public subscription. It was opened on September 26 by the Rt. Hon. Hugh Wilson, Minister of Works.



AN AMPHIBIOUS HELICOPTER: THE AMERICAN SIKORSKY S-47 BEING DEMONSTRATED ON THE THAMES NEAR THE WESTLAND HELIPORT AT BATTERSEA. IT HAS A FLYING-BOAT TYPE BODY. This helicopter has been designed from the start for amphibious operation and as well as the flying-boat body has two outrigger floats. The wheels are carried under the floats and can be partially retracted in flight. It accommodates 8-12 passengers and first flew in May last year.



WITH A STRANGE VASE-LIKE PROFILE: H.M.S. W'ALRUS AFTER HAVING BEEN LAUNCHED BY THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER ON SEPTEMBER 21. This 1700-ton (standard) submarine is the seventh of the "Porpoise" class of submarines and was built by Scott's Shipbuilding and Engineering Co. Ltd., of Greenock.



THE FIRST OF A NEW CONTINENTAL-STYLE TELEPHONE-BOX TO BE ERECTED BY THE R.A.C.—AT VIRGINIA WATER. More than 150 of this type of telephone-box—designed to be "eye-catching" without offending against the amenities of the countryside—are to be erected during the next few months at various points in the U.K.

## NEWS FROM LAND, AIR AND SEA:



H.M.S. ECHO, A 140-TON NAVAL INSHORE SURVEY CRAFT SEEN PASSING THE EAST GOODWIN LIGHTSHIP DURING A RECENT SURVEY OF THE GOODWIN SANDS. A recently-completed survey of the Goodwin Sands by a naval unit has shown that significant changes have taken place in the twelve years since the last complete survey; and that in consequence some revision of charts will be necessary.



THE WAY THE WESTLAND WESTMINSTER HELICOPTER MAY GO: A MODEL SHOWING THE BASIC TYPE ADAPTED TO CARRY A SPECIAL POD OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES FOR A FIELD HOSPITAL. EXISTING TYPES ARE USED AS TRANSPORTS AND AERIAL CRANES.



AT THE REGIMENTAL BASE OF THE 15TH/19TH, THE KING'S ROYAL HUSARS: PRINCESS MARGARET ADMIRING THE NEW GUIDON. On September 26 Princess Margaret, who is Colonel-in-Chief, the 15th/19th, The King's Royal Hussars, visited the regiment at Deerbol Camp, Barnard Castle, and presented the guidon. She later flew to Dyce Airport, Aberdeen.

## A MISCELLANY OF RECENT EVENTS.



AFTER A FIRE DESCRIBED AS THE WORST THE WARWICKSHIRE FIRE BRIGADE HAD EVER TACKLED: CLEARING UP IN THE ASSEMBLY LINES IN THE ROOTES GROUP CAR FACTORY AT RYTON. On the night of September 22 fire broke out in the Rootes Group car factory at Ryton on Dunsmore, near Coventry and, after reaching a store containing large quantities of rubber, spread rapidly. Thirty fire engines fought the blaze.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL CARAVAN EXHIBITION WHICH WAS OPENED AT EARLS COURT ON SEPTEMBER 23 BY LORD BRABAZON OF TARA. This exhibition, which has been sponsored by the *News Chronicle*, is the first of its kind and contained models ranging from £200 to £2000 in price, some being fitted with baths, hot-and-cold water systems and television sets. The U.K. is now the leading caravan exporting country.



AN "ELECTRIC BLANKET" FOR A ROAD: WORKMEN LAYING A SECTION OF THE CABLE WHICH IS DESIGNED TO KEEP THE MOUND AT EDINBURGH FREE FROM Frost. It is stated that this is the first time that this type of road-warming has been used in Great Britain. About 70 miles of cable will be used. It will be recalled that Edinburgh has also installed electric warming in the Murrayfield pitch.



FIGHTING THE FIRE WHICH GUTTED HAWICK'S LARGEST TWEED MILL. THE FACTORY, WHICH EMPLOYS NEARLY 80 PERSONS, WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND. On September 17, a week after fire had destroyed another mill at Hawick, in Roxburghshire, this tweed mill, belonging to Wilson and Glenroy Ltd., was burnt to the ground despite the efforts of firemen called in from Galashiels, Selkirk, Kelso and Jedburgh. Nearly houses had to be evacuated.



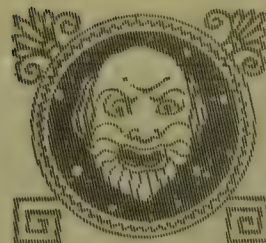
AT OLYMPIA: THE USED-CAR SHOW, PROBABLY THE BIGGEST SELECTION OF SUCH VEHICLES TO BE GATHERED UNDER ONE ROOF SINCE THE WAR, OPENED ON SEPTEMBER 24. This show, which has been sponsored by the *Evening Standard*, comprised models ranging in age from 1912 to this year and in price from £100 to £6000. All carried some form of guarantee; and many of the more recent models were indistinguishable from new.



TRAINING OFFICERS OF PRINCESS MARY'S ROYAL AIR FORCE NURSING SERVICE IN THE CARE OF THE SICK DURING AIR TRANSPORT—IN A BRITANNIA AIRCRAFT. Six officers of this service, who have volunteered for duty in aircraft bringing patients home to this country for treatment, began recently a special course on this subject at the Lynsnam station, where an Aeromedical Training Centre has been established.



## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



### FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO.

By ALAN DENT

IT is to be feared that W. H. Hudson, that fine and subtle writer who gave us "Green Mansions" and "A Shepherd's Life" and "Far Away and Long Ago," is much too intangible and unworldly an artist to provide the right sort of basic material for a popular film. I am right in saying, I think, that no one has ever before attempted such a thing—or even a Hudson film of any sort. Now here comes "Green Mansions" itself, with authentic and wondrous backgrounds in Venezuela, Colombia, and British Guiana; with savages apparently as genuine as the jungle; with every good intention manifested of staying as close as possible to the story; with skilful direction by Mel Ferrer and that exquisite sylph-like actress, Audrey Hepburn, to play Rima.

Given all these and many other advantages, why does it signally fail? Solely, I am afraid, because the central figure who is Rima, the dryad-cum-hamadryad, the wood-and-water nymph who speaks to the birds of the forest in their own language, is also allowed to open her mouth and speak accomplished English. As soon as this happens—and it is just as well that it does not happen for a good half-hour, by which time the film is under way and halfway up the Orinoco River—all the life and poetry and Hudson go out of the film. The blame is not upon Miss Hepburn or upon her enunciation. It would not help in the least if she spoke beginner's English, or pidgin English, or any human language at all. The blame is upon the film's makers who allowed the character that gift of

no Hudson-lover on hand to advise that this was the *only* way to make a speaking Rima tolerable. We hear her bird-whistles without seeing the actress whistle. Why should not we hear her speak as much as is necessary, without *seeing* her speak?

Visually the film is romantic and exciting and delightfully unusual—right up to the very end

#### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



CURT JURGENS AND MAY BRITT, WHO ARE APPEARING IN "THE BLUE ANGEL."

Alan Dent writes: "Curt Jurgens and May Britt do very much better than anyone who saw Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich in the original 'Blue Angel' could reasonably have expected. Miss Britt sings Marlene's famous ditty, 'Falling in Love Again,' right at the start, and she sings it quite well enough to quell odious comparisons. Curt Jurgens, too, reminds us in the magnificent part of the degraded Professor that he is a very much better actor than a million teen-age admirers allow him to be." The 20th Century-Fox Production began its London run at the Carlton, Haymarket, on September 17.

distinguished. Much of Mr. Ferrer's direction is able and far from crude. Almost all of the setting is wildly natural and convincing, as has been said. The musical score by that ingenious Brazilian, Heitor Villa-Lobos, conforms perfectly—being exotic, evocative, and jungle-dense. But the Hudson spirit has vanished in spite of all this effort. And I am certain that I have pounced upon the right reason. If the enchanting little Rima Hepburn should be *seen* speaking as well as heard, then I am a South American armadillo, and no critic!

And even if I be an armadillo I am one without prejudice. Periodically I seek out any revival that may occur—usually at the little Everyman in Hampstead or some such haven—of the famous old Jannings-Dietrich film, "The Blue Angel," whose origin was a novel by Heinrich Mann, the greater Thomas's brother. With what was almost certain to turn out to be temerity, this has been recast and re-filmed and re-directed by Edward Dmytryk. Curt Jurgens plays the professor who falls hopelessly in love with a worthless night-club singer who marries him just for the cruel fun of it, and May Britt sets herself the unenviable task of following La Dietrich as the lady in question. The result? By no means a let-down.

Jannings was one of the tiny group—less than half-a-dozen in all—of great players who have found their true medium in the screen. Dietrich was,



RIMA (AUDREY HEPBURN) THREATENING HER GRANDFATHER (LEE J. COBB) WITH DAMNATION, WHILE ABEL (ANTHONY PERKINS) LOOKS ON FROM THE FOLIAGE: A SCENE FROM THE M.-G.-M. PRODUCTION, "GREEN MANSIONS," WHICH OPENED AT THE RITZ, LEICESTER SQUARE, ON SEPTEMBER 17.

speech which Rima—and it is the whole point of the conception—was never to acquire at all. She is articulate as a bird, and quite inarticulate as a nymph, and she should have been allowed to remain so.

Rima in the film speaks very little and with some difficulty. She speaks only when spoken to, and hardly at all to the old so-called grandfather (Lee J. Cobb), who behaves as a kind of Prospero to her Miranda. She addresses her human remarks almost entirely to the young man called Abel (Anthony Perkins), who is her Prospero and who has captured her wild heart at first sight. But it is the fact that we see her speaking at all which is fatal and disastrous. Sometimes we hear her utterance without her lips moving—in the style of Olivier in one of Hamlet's soliloquies in the film. And it is a great pity that this device has not been used for everything that Rima is obliged to say, and that there was

when Rima, who has just been burned as an evil spirit by the savages, reappears in Abel's vision as a kind of apotheosis against a marmalade-coloured sunset. But everything leading up to this minute-long anti-climax looks as wild and convincing as it ought. There are two striking performances by Sessue Hayakawa and Henry Silva as a native chieftain and his son. Much of the dialogue is at least dignified, if not



LOLA-LOLA (MAY BRITT), KIEPERT (THEODORE BIKEL) AND PROFESSOR IMMANUEL RATH (CURT JURGENS) IN A TENSE BOARDING-HOUSE SCENE FROM 20TH CENTURY-FOX'S NEW VERSION OF THE CLASSIC "BLUE ANGEL."

and is, the screen-siren of all time. But Jurgens has suggested more than once, and now amply proves, that he is a much better actor than his admirers willingly allow him to be. He does not shrink from the character's bitter degradation, and he is able to repeat every effect of the great Jannings excepting the powerful pathos. Miss Britt, too, has her Dietrich-resembling points. She, as they say, gets by—with no mistake about it. And the revival, of course, has every modern advantage of colour and sound, and a most potent performance of the night-club manager by Theodore Bikel, an actor who goes from strength to strength.

The truth, of course, is that "The Blue Angel" has one of the best film-plots ever devised. This is something that could never be said about that vastly better-written book, "Green Mansions."

#### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"YELLOWSTONE KELLY" (Warner; Generally Released: September 14).—A Wild Western for those who love them, with Clint Walker as the latest exemplar of virility.

"JACK THE RIPPER" (Regal; Generally Released: September 21).—The notorious East-End-London murders re-enacted with a strong emphasis on horror and period-atmosphere.

"I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK" (British Lion; Generally Released: September 21).—A witty and well-sustained tilt at Trade Unionism which even Trade Unionists are said to find irresistibly funny. It has Terry-Thomas, Dennis Price, Richard Attenborough; and Peter Sellers in excelsis—as a shop-steward!

## THE THREE PARTY LEADERS; AND THE LIBERAL PARTY TV TEAM AND POSTERS.



MR. ROBIN DAY, CANDIDATE FOR HEREFORD, WHO APPEARED ON TV ON SEPTEMBER 22 IN A GROUP DISCUSSION.



MR. FRANK BYERS, O.B.E., LIBERAL CHIEF WHIP 1946-1950 AND NOW CHAIRMAN OF THE GENERAL ELECTION CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE, WHO WILL BE ON TV ON OCTOBER 3.



DR. G. TEGAI HUGHES, CANDIDATE FOR DENBIGH, A CONSTITUENCY HE HAS ALREADY FOUGHT TWICE, WHO APPEARED IN THE GROUP DISCUSSION ON SEPTEMBER 22.



MR. JOHN ARLOTT, CANDIDATE FOR EPPING, WHO WAS CHAIRMAN DURING THE TV BROADCAST ON SEPTEMBER 22.



MRS. RENEE SOSKIN, CANDIDATE FOR SOUTH BEDFORDSHIRE AND A COUNTY OF LONDON MAGISTRATE, WHO ALSO APPEARED ON SEPTEMBER 22.



MR. MARK BONHAM CARTER, M.P. FOR TORRINGTON, WHO WON THE FIRST LIBERAL BY-ELECTION SINCE 1929, AND WHO APPEARED ON SEPTEMBER 22.



Your local Liberal Secretary is:-

The Liberal Party was allocated two television programmes. The first was on September 22 when five Liberal candidates—including one Member of Parliament—outlined Liberal policy. The programme was under the chairmanship of Mr. John Arlott, a personality especially well known to cricket-lovers: the other candidates who appeared with him were Mrs. Renee Soskin, Mr. Robin

Day, Dr. Tegai Hughes and Mr. Mark Bonham Carter, M.P. for Torrington. The second of the two Liberal television programmes will be on October 3, with Mr. Joseph Grimond, M.P., the Liberal Leader, and Mr. Frank Byers, O.B.E., former Chief Whip. At the time of going to press there were 212 candidates. This compares with 110 at the last General Election.



WITH A FINE FLOURISH: MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, THE CONSERVATIVE LEADER, MAKING THE OPENING SPEECH OF HIS ELECTION TOUR AT BELLE VUE, MANCHESTER, ON SEPTEMBER 22.



MR. JO GRIMOND, THE LIBERAL LEADER, ON THE DAY OF HIS OPENING SPEECH AT THE CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER, ON SEPTEMBER 15. HE IS DUE TO APPEAR ON TV ON OCTOBER 3.



MAKING HIS POINT: MR. HUGH GAITSKELL, THE LABOUR PARTY LEADER, DELIVERING THE OPENING SPEECH OF HIS ELECTION CAMPAIGN IN THE COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL, ON SEPTEMBER 22.

On September 15, one week before the Labour and Conservative Leaders made the opening speeches of their campaigns, Mr. Jo Grimond opened the Liberal Party campaign when he spoke at the Central Hall, Westminster. He said that the Liberal Party was fighting the election "as a step forward towards our long-term aim of building up a Radical-Liberal alternative to Conservatism in this country." Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, the Labour Leader,

opened his campaign on September 22 at the Colston Hall, Bristol. He said that the Government should have welcomed Mr. Khrushchev's plan for scrapping all armaments instead of meeting it with tepid comment. The same evening Mr. Macmillan, the Conservative Leader, opened his campaign, speaking at Belle Vue, Manchester. He stressed the Party's hopes of reducing taxation and the need for firm opposition to "Communist imperialist expansion."

# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## MIXED FEELINGS

By J. C. TREWIN.

IF there are no masterpieces—an important word—on the London stage at present, there are some very fine straight plays in various moods: for example, "The Complainant Lover," "The Aspern Papers," "Cock-a-doodle Dandy," "The Grass Is Greener," "The Ring of Truth," and "Five Finger Exercise." The last of these, by Peter Shaffer, is probably the best first play in years: it excites us at the Comedy Theatre to see how it stands the test of an entirely new production (by Peter Wood) and performance by a new company. The original cast, going shortly to Broadway, will know that it leaves behind it a performance every whit as accurate.

I think of this piece, first of all, as a revelation of loneliness. In particular, the crude father who cannot understand the aspirations of his son is a man moving in his very inadequacy. I admired Roland Culver in the part; now Clive Morton, who gives an extra touch of uncouthness, seems to me to be equally penetrating. The actor has a bewildered obstinacy; even his shoulders, in hunch and thrust, are expressive. Others (Eileen Peel as the possessive mother, Linda Gardner, Gareth Davies, Barry Warren) interpret Mr. Shaffer with so much authority that one does not miss the originators of the Harrington family and its tutor. It was absorbing at the second premiere to see how the play, its every turn known, survived the dangers of a fresh hearing. If surprise had gone, subtleties were revealed and I was no longer doubtful about the first few exchanges. Mr. Wood's production, with a few varied emphases, was as true and unpretentious as Sir John Gielgud's.

I doubt very much whether any of the other plays I have just met would bear a second hearing throughout, though it must always be a pleasure to listen to the lyrics in "The Crooked Mile"; one has to respect the seriousness of Richard Beynon, who wrote "The Shifting Heart"; and Naunton Wayne's timing in "From the French" is a thing of split seconds. The piece most applauded, I gather—I came to it from holiday—is J. P. Donleavy's version of his novel, "The Ginger Man" (Fortune). For me there was little but irritation in the character of the voluble exhibitionist, a disreputable Dublin law student, who is at the centre of the business. Probably Mr. Donleavy expected us to find entertainment in the man's high-pitched blathering; it was certainly not the fault of the actor (Richard Harris) that by the close of the play I could hardly have borne to listen to any more of the mixture of invective, dubious whimsy, and mere word-spinning that composed the part. Mr. Harris does everything an actor can. Isabel Dean as the simple and sincere young woman that the man seduces, Wendy Craig as his rebellious wife, and Ronald Fraser as a carefully calculated Irish eccentric, have better chances. The "ginger man" himself is the trouble, a part as harsh, hollow, and unimportant as a cracked drum. In life one would run miles to escape from Sebastian Balfe Dangerfield, and it does seem bad luck that he is permitted to hold a stage. The dramatist is far happier with the irrelevant comedy of the peripatetic and alcoholic grouser, presented by Mr. Fraser with a grumbling bounce.

Maybe a few more characters would have helped. Undeniably we could have done with a visit from Jack MacGowran. As it is, Mr. MacGowran is over at the

Cambridge Theatre in a musical comedy, "The Crooked Mile," appearing as a Soho notable called Jug Ears, to whom he gives his own air of rueful alertness without persuading us that he is fully in



SEBASTIAN DANGERFIELD (RICHARD HARRIS) AND MISS FROST (ISABEL DEAN) IN A SCENE FROM "THE GINGER MAN," WHICH OPENED AT THE FORTUNE THEATRE ON SEPTEMBER 15.



A SCENE FROM THE LIVELY NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE CAMBRIDGE, "THE CROOKED MILE," IN WHICH THE STEALING OF A BUBBLE CAR BY A SOHO GANG FOR USE AS A RAFFLE PRIZE LEADS TO SOME DIVERTING COMPLICATIONS. (FIRST NIGHT: SEPTEMBER 10.)

the part. But then, it would be hard for anyone to get very deeply into this musical-comedy Soho; it has a cold-steel thug who stabs teddy bears and must be a perpetually tiresome problem to his

actor, Elwyn Brook-Jones. The night has pleasures: Peter Wildeblood's lyrics, witty and ingenious, are wrought with a care seldom met in the musical-comedy theatre; Peter Greenwell's score, though it is orchestrated too heavily, is most agreeable; and Elisabeth Welch brings her warmth to a personage named Sweet Ginger who keeps an ironmonger's shop.

I dare say that in future we may think first of "The Crooked Mile" for the appearance of Millicent Martin. Her Cora, girl of the Soho streets, is a cool young woman much of whose mind, curiously, is a tangle of green thoughts: her first song is called "Horticulture." This crisp child is the making of her scenes, even if it is a pity that at one point the librettist has been moved by memories of "Lysistrata."

Whereas in "The Ginger Man" one has to think glumly of Dangerfield, and in "The Crooked Mile" to reflect cheerfully on Cora, "The Shifting Heart" (Duke of York's) has no character that, in recollection, stands from the ruck. It is one of the greyest plays I recall: a determined anecdote about Italian immigrants and their Australian neighbours, set round about Christmas on a Melbourne back porch. The dramatist, Richard Beynon, has worked sternly: we can respect his resolve to cope with the problem of the immigrant, but I found to my sorrow that respect did not imply excitement. This is an example of the uncompromisingly realistic drama, written with anxiety and presented with goodwill by all but received by one listener with a lack of enthusiasm he cannot disguise. Some of the performances have an edge: Adrienne Corri's emotion is direct, and I very much like Madge Ryan, the honest, strident neighbour. She is as genuine here as she was in that better play, "The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll."

Jean-Paul Marotte's "From the French"

(Strand), adapted by Hubert Gregg, is backward-looking in the sense that it contains no references to inefficient plumbing, garbage cans, or gang warfare. It is indeed the kind of frisk that Seymour Hicks might have transformed during the 'twenties (I was saying this about another comedy only the other day). As a contemporary piece it must be decorated, self-consciously fooled, given the air of an elaborate improvisation. That puts me off, for the dramatist is supplying only what another writer called "the wafers and whipped cream of sense," and here there is not much cream. Still, one can observe the techniques of Claude Dauphin as the author who depends for inspiration upon his amanuensis and his recording-machine, and Naunton Wayne as a Parisian publisher (if you can conceive the very English Mr. Wayne in such a part as that). Elsewhere there has been some casting less than fortunate, and the comedy soon turns from potential swan to lame duck.

The fact that this week I have had, with one exception, a group of mediocre plays should not lead you to believe that the West End stage is in anything but good heart.

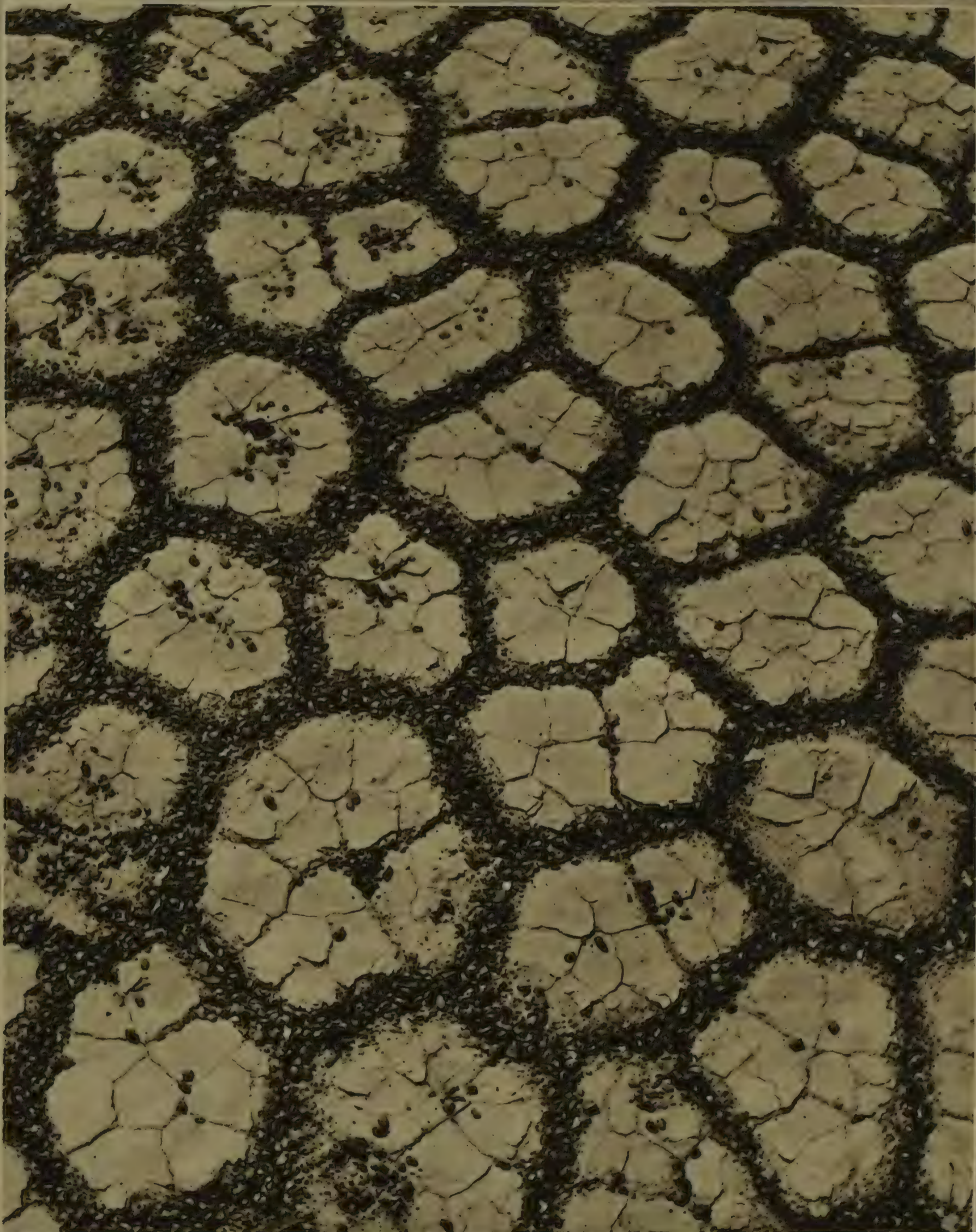
There is some uncommonly rich work to be heard and seen, and probably more first-rate acting than we have known for a long time. One or two interesting plays appear to me to be the transients of a passing fashion which does over-value the chaotic; but we have much else of more permanent quality. Little gloom here. At the same time we should be sparing of those extravagant explosions that can look odd when we run back through the files, an exercise to be taken now and again by everyone theatrically-minded. "Masterpiece" now—it is not a word to be flicked off.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"TAKE THE FOOL AWAY" (Nottingham Playhouse).—J. B. Priestley's new play. (September 28.)

"THE MARRIAGE OF MR. MISSISSIPPI" (Arts).—By Friedrich Dürrenmatt, translated by Eric Peters and Robert Schnorr, and directed by Clifford Williams. (September 30.)

## UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 8: NATURE'S MOSAIC IN MUD.



CARVED INTO A CRAZY-PAVING BY THE SAHARA SUN: PLAQUES OF BAKED SOIL IN MOUNTAINOUS TIBESTI.

The highest mountain in the Sahara Desert is Emi Koussi, 11,500 ft. high, in the northern regions of French Equatorial Africa near the borders of Libya. It was on this mountain that members of the 1957 Cambridge Tibesti Expedition came across a small area of baked mud, at a height of about 9000 ft., where pebbles, each about the size of a garden pea, had been swept into cracks

in the soil to produce the remarkable mosaic effect shown in this photograph. The cause of this unusual formation was an alternate wetting and drying which broke up the mud pan into a series of polygonal areas surrounded by cracks. The mud plaques then swelled, so that all the small loose pebbles rolled into the cracks. The area was surrounded by a vast boulder-strewn wilderness.

*Photograph by Roger Akester.*

THIS week I have been contemplating the Jews and the State of Israel. Here are subjects on which it is almost impossible to reach objectivity. The appalling massacre of some 6,000,000 Jews by Hitler—to say nothing of the persecution which that race had previously suffered in Communist Russia—has virtually silenced anti-Semitism in all the countries which still cherish justice and liberty. But with anti-Semitism there have been silenced all legitimate doubts and criticisms of Jewry and especially of the new Israeli State. To suggest that the Jews have been, or still may be, a problem, or that the Balfour Declaration was a piece of dangerous sentimentality promising Palestine to a race which had not occupied it since the days of Titus and Vespasian, is to invite protest almost as sharp as if one had been proposing to reopen the gas-chambers of Auschwitz. This is not a healthy atmosphere, either for the Jews themselves, for their friends, or for their critics. There is so much to admire in the courage and pertinacity of those who established Israel, defended it against attack, and are now making the wilderness blossom like the rose, that there are pedestals enough and to spare for these new national heroes. Only let them be the right pedestals, and the right heroes.

The two books which prompted these reflections are both heavy volumes, and both were printed in the United States. *REBIRTH AND DESTINY OF ISRAEL* is a collection of articles and speeches by David Ben Gurion, the veteran Premier of the State of Israel. The series begins in 1915 and ends in 1952, so that it is not possible to say how Mr. Ben Gurion looks back on the British and French intervention at Suez, or what hopes he holds for the future. I was, however, particularly interested in his repeated assertions that "history makes necessary a Jewish-Arab League, and when conditions are ripe for it, it will come." This contradicts some of the bellicosity of the Premier's younger compatriots. He admits, too, that of the 5,201,000 Jews in America, only 1682 had migrated to Israel by 1952—although they had furnished the bulk of the capital required by the new State. At all times, he writes, "Aliyah has been a product of Jewish anguish." This is an impressive book, and it gives a reassuring portrait of its author as a man of common sense as well as of vision, of reason and reconciliation, as well as of courage in battle.

I cannot say the same of Leon Uris's novel *EXODUS*. This book may, as the blurb says, have "swept the American continent like a flame," but, if so, it proves nothing except that the American continent is sadly inflammable. As for being "fair; horribly fair," the truth is that every page is ugly with partisan furies, directed particularly against the British. The story of the *Exodus* itself, a ship taking a party of illegal child immigrants to Palestine, is told with a sort of foetid hysteria. British refusal to let the ship leave Cyprus was broken by causing the children to go on hunger-strike, laying out their unconscious bodies on the deck, and then threatening to commit suicide ten at a time. If this is the new Jewish patriotism, it is singularly unattractive. It presents the "heroes" of the emergent State as a bunch of brash braggarts, rejoicing in terrorism. If "*Exodus*" had been commissioned by the Arab League itself, it could hardly have done more harm to British-Israeli relations.

Another historical work, of a very different character, is Denis Mack Smith's *ITALY*. The only quality which this scholarly work shares with the two foregoing books is that, like them, it was printed in the United States. It is a contribution to the "University of Michigan History of the Modern World," edited by Allan Nevins and Howard M. Ehrmann. Mr. Mack Smith begins with the story of the Risorgimento, and ends with the death of Mussolini, adding an epilogue in which he just glances at Italy since the Second World War. The problem, for him, is how Italy, which was the first of the 19th-century secular liberal States of Europe, also the first to betray the liberal idea and to sink was into totalitarianism. The answer seems to lie in the irresponsibility of the parliamentary leaders in 1919, and the post-war legacy of inflation, unemployment, national debt, disappointment with the Versailles Treaty, and social instability.

Miss Sheila Graham's autobiography, *BELOVED INFIDEL*, which she has produced in collaboration with Gerold Frank, has aroused much interest for its description of the last years of Scott Fitzgerald. I found the neuroses of this pathetic, if talented, drunkard far less absorbing than Miss Graham's account of her own determined rise from an East End orphanage to acceptance by London's smart set and presentation at Buckingham Palace. It was this which prepared her for the ordeal of linking her life with that of

## A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

Scott Fitzgerald. No woman of less warm-hearted courage could possibly have survived it.

While I can see the point of contrasting Disraeli's Mary Anne with Abraham Lincoln's, as Mr. D. H. Elletson does in *MARYANNERY*, I really cannot follow on what grounds the author is determined to whitewash the latter. From all accounts, including Mr. Elletson's own, Mary Anne Lincoln was very much a hoyden and a harridan—

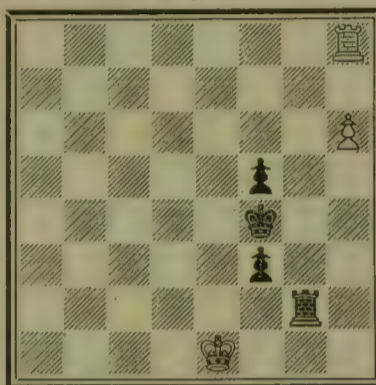
### CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

LET'S have a change from Leonard Barden, the Max Planck of chess, who introduced indeterminacy into the British Championship.

Here are two historic positions with related themes, as a gifted Rumanian analyst, Mititelu, has pointed out.

SALWE, Black.



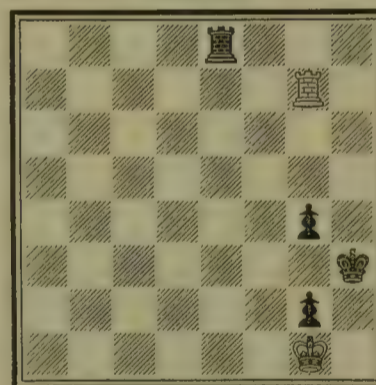
ZNOSKO-BOROVSKY, White.

The first came about in a game Znosko-Borovsky v. Salwe, Ostend, 1907. Black played 1... R-QR7? and only drew. By 1... R-QKt7!, amazingly, he could have won, as we shall perceive if we follow the game: 2. P-R7, P-B7ch; 3. K-B1, K-B6; 4. R-QR8!! R×R; 5. P-R8(Q)!, R×Q. Stalemate! Not, of course, 5... R-R8ch?? 6. Q×R.

Had the black rook only gone as far as the knight's file first move, White could have held up the mate only by 4. R-QKt8; and then, after 4... R×R, 5. P-R8(Q) would have failed to prevent mate by 5... R-Kt8.

Mititelu points out the resemblance to the following end game study, composed just 273 years earlier—i.e., in 1634—by Salvio.

Black.



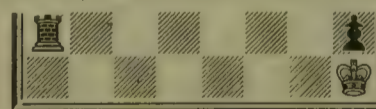
White.

White, to play, can, in an apparently hopeless situation, yet draw:

1. R-KR7ch, K-Kt6.

Now the potential stalemate is there. White needs only to "eliminate" his rook.

2. R-K7!, R-Q1; 3. R-Q7!, and wherever Black puts his rook, White confronts it with his own.



White.

An even more piquant case occurs when a rook and pawn stalemate an opposing king (as in the third part-diagram). If the owner of this king possesses a bare rook besides, he can check his opponent's king all over the board—from an adjoining square if he desires! Why, should be obvious to those who have attentively gone through the above.

ill-tempered, quarrelsome, spiteful, viper-tongued, extravagant, hysterical, and finally insane. She was determined to be the First Lady of the United States, but she made the task of her unfortunate husband, who had to shoulder the burden of the Civil War, almost impossible. How unlike the Mary Anne—devoted, admiring, comfortable and comforting, even if sometimes a trifle silly—to whom Disraeli owed so much!

Talking of silly women, I have always considered that Louise de la Valliere took high rank on that by no means restricted list. Nor has Miss Joan Sanders's new life of Louis XIV's

unfortunate mistress, ably and sympathetically written as it is, disabused me of this judgment. *THE DEVOTED MISTRESS* produces a curious effect, probably because one has read all this before in the pages of Dumas, and although Miss Sanders, as a conscientious historian, is much

more likely to be right about facts than the 19th-century novelist, one has the illusion of watching Dumas through a slightly distorting mirror. Miss Sanders has been freely criticised for not devoting more space to the last thirty-six years of Louise's life, which she spent in a Carmelite convent. Could this not be because the lives of Carmelite nuns are not so well documented as those of Royal mistresses?

Once more I am delighted to record the discovery of a really enjoyable American novel. *PIONEER, GO HOME!* by Richard Powell, is a very pleasant mixture of satire and straightforward story. The Kwimper family, an endearing collection of odd-men-out, "squat" on land adjoining that of the Betterment Project of the State of Columbiana. They beat off the attacks of hostile "natives," represented by the local bureaucrats, and of "bad men" who set up a gambling saloon. Finally they are confirmed in their squatting rights and highly praised by a judge. We leave them thinking out ways to defeat a taxation officer. This is all much more amusing than the bare description conveys.

There is also a good deal of fun in *AN AFFAIR WITH THE MOON*, by Terence de Vere White. If you can once swallow the unlikely suggestion that any north-country solicitor would have married anyone quite so extravagantly silly as Jane, the rest must follow as the night the day. The scenes in Ireland are good without being overdone. This is described by the publishers as being "a novel of rich comedy with a dying fall." Unfortunately, I felt that the dying fall was out of place. Nothing so real as a miscarriage could ever have happened to so absurd a piece of thistledown as Jane.

Mr. John Dickson Carr captures the authentic air of Victorian melodrama in *SCANDAL AT HIGH CHIMNEYS*. A barrister has secretly adopted the child of a woman whom he himself had successfully prosecuted for murder. Of course, he gets murdered. The plot turns not only on who killed him, but on which of his children was the adopted one. The solution irritated me slightly, but only because I felt that I ought to have spotted it for myself and had failed to do so.

*DANSE MACABRE*, a first novel by Frederic Mullally, is very macabre indeed. What was Marianne like, and why did she get murdered—if indeed she was murdered? The hero, a Fleet Street journalist who can apparently take sabbatical years whenever he feels so inclined, did not know Marianne, but gets absorbed in the search for the truth, which takes him to Rome, Ibiza, and Tangier, spurred on by the drunken and lachrymose playboy who had loved Marianne in a semi-platonic kind of way. The twist in the tail is excellent, and although I thought that the psychology was a trifle too macabre to be true, this first novel is full of achievement rather than promise.

I could not get on with *DEAR MIRANDA*, by Guthrie Wilson, at all. She was an Australian girl whose only interest in life, as she frankly admitted, was men. But the men whom that sort of woman attracts are inevitably boring and dreary. To that extent, this novel is true to life.

A new edition of *WHERE TO FISH*, by Roy Eaton, will be most welcome to all anglers. Though these days I find life so "full of care" that I have little time for that best of antidotes, fishing with a rod. I could feel Waltonian stirrings as I looked at the beautifully coloured salmon and trout flies illustrated in these pages.

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- REBIRTH AND DESTINY OF ISRAEL*, by David Ben Gurion. (Thomas Yoseloff; 42s.)
- EXODUS*, by Leon Uris. (Wingate; 21s.)
- ITALY*, by Denis Mack Smith. (Mayflower; 60s.)
- BELOVED INFIDEL*, by Sheila Graham. (Cassell; 21s.)
- MARYANNERY*, by D. H. Elletson. (Murray; 18s.)
- THE DEVOTED MISTRESS*, by Joan Sanders. (Longmans; 25s.)
- PIONEER, GO HOME!* by Richard Powell. (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.)
- AN AFFAIR WITH THE MOON*, by Terence de Vere White. (Gollancz; 15s.)
- SCANDAL AT HIGH CHIMNEYS*, by John Dickson Carr. (Hamish Hamilton; 13s. 6d.)
- DANSE MACABRE*, by Frederic Mullally. (Secker and Warburg; 15s.)
- DEAR MIRANDA*, by Guthrie Wilson. (Hutchinson; 13s. 6d.)
- WHERE TO FISH*, edited by Roy Eaton. (The Field; 21s.)



**Men of the first division** (in every walk of life) are champions of Yardley. Look out in the shops for the new Yardley packs with the big 'Y' and you will discover the reason . . . Here are shaving lotions of incomparable freshness, shaving soaps and shaving foam of generous lather and subtle scent. Here are more than a dozen designs for grooming that together, or in any combination you choose, add up to a *confident* man—on top of his form throughout the day.

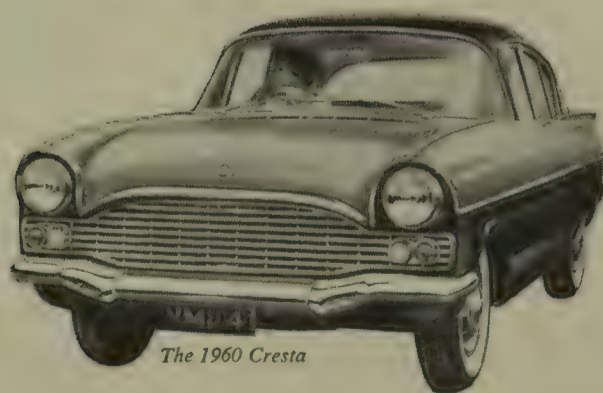


new design for good grooming

# Marvellous new cars... these 1960 Vauxhalls!



The 1960 Victor de Luxe



The 1960 Cresta

Victor £505 + £211.10.10 PT (£716.10.10)  
Victor Super £530 + £221.19.2 PT (£751.19.2)  
Victor de Luxe £565 + £236.10.10 PT (£801.10.10)  
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Velox £655 + £274.0.10 PT (£929.0.10)  
Cresta £715 + £299.0.10 PT (£1,014.0.10)

Vauxhall Motors Ltd, Luton, Beds

A pride-and-joy car, the 1960 Victor . . . long-looking and low, clean-looking and modern; the sort of car the discerning motorist falls for the moment he takes it on the road.

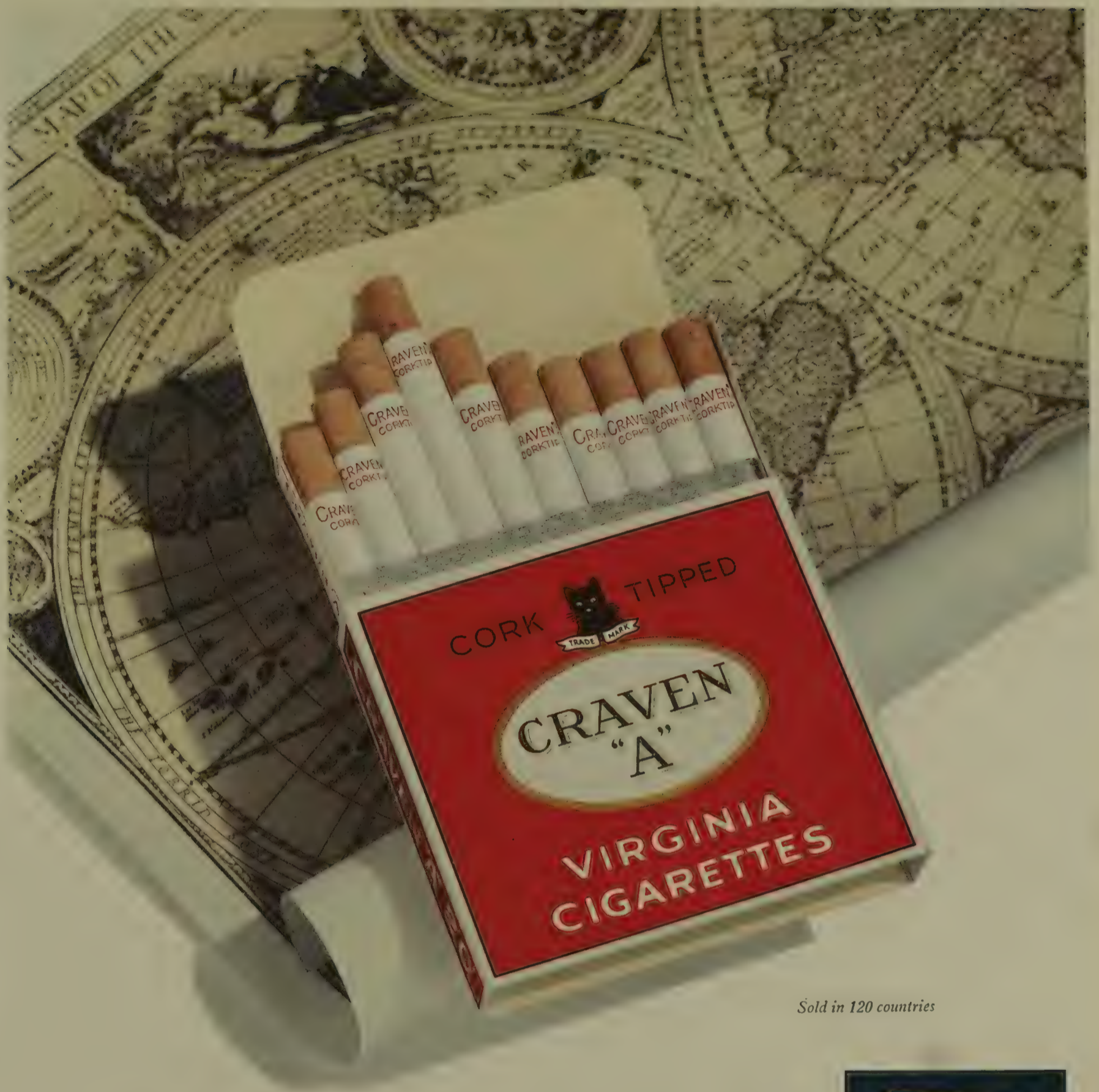
Driving is believing. Slip away from the kerb; change up . . . and up. No protests from the gearbox; no greedy revving — there's synchro-mesh on all forward gears. All clear in front; all clear behind: that much and more you can see at a glance, because the Victor has *vision*.

Nip in and out of traffic. Purr along at speed on the motorway. Corner with a surprising new ease. Every mile will increase your respect for its road-holding, its performance, its comfort and its *safety*.

And if you need a second opinion, note these extracts from a 'Sporting Motorist' road test report by Roy Salvadori: 'I find it difficult not to sound too glowing . . . the outstanding medium-sized saloon in the low price group . . . road manners impeccable . . . handles easily and safely . . .'

Why not ring your Vauxhall dealer? Let him show you the new colours and the new upholstery materials. Let him arrange a trial run today. You'll say it yourself when you're out on the road — 'Marvellous car this 1960 Victor'. It certainly is.

## Everyone drives better in a Vauxhall



*Sold in 120 countries*

## Famous the world over

*For 150 years, skill in the blending of costly Virginia tobacco has been a proud tradition of the manufacturers of Craven 'A'.*

Craven 'A', named after the third Earl of Craven, a patron of Carreras in the 1860's is a mild but truly satisfying cigarette.

Craven 'A' is tipped with natural cork that cannot stick to the lips. 3/11 for 20.

### THE NEW CRAVEN 'A' FILTER

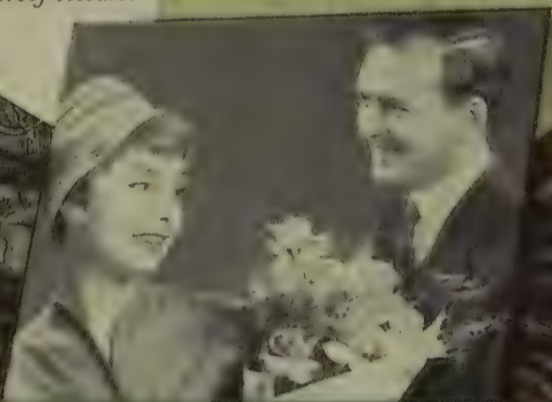
*Here at last is a cigarette with the perfect balance between tobacco and filter. The right blend of specially selected Virginia tobacco . . . and the right filter for a smoke that's smoother but still full of flavour. 3/4 for 20.*



# CRAVEN "A"

for smooth clean smoking

*Just married!—and a brilliant  
start to their new home with  
Sanderson Wallpapers and Fabrics.  
Papers of to-day—or flashbacks  
to old traditions; papers flocked,  
textured, or washable.  
Fabrics with the precious  
secret of sun-defying,  
wash-proof colours.*



*Sanderson  
Fabrics can be seen  
at leading furnishers.  
Your decorator or wallpaper  
dealer can show you the  
Sanderson Wallpaper Book, or you  
can obtain one on loan from your  
nearest Sanderson Showroom.*

FABRIC NO: ZC 4414 ▶

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# SANDERSON

WALLPAPERS + PAINTS + FABRICS

WALLPAPER NO: 59164 ▶

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*By Appointment to H.M. The Queen  
Suppliers of Wallpapers  
Paints and Fabrics  
Arthur Sanderson & Sons Ltd.  
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# the world's most exciting light car!



*Exciting New Engine:* 997 c.c. O.H.V. Over-square ratio of point-6 to one for lower piston speed and kinder wear. Larger valves for better breathing. Separate inlet ports for more balanced combustion and smoother running. Up to 75 m.p.h., and up to 50 m.p.g.! Acceleration? 0-60 in 29.5 seconds!

*Exciting New Gearbox:* 4-speed synchro-silent sports type with short floor lever shrewdly placed for swift, easy racing change.

*Exciting Style and Comfort:* Low and sleekly built to gain every possible ounce of power. A look of tomorrow in the raked-back rear window—for more leg and headroom, better, rainfree visibility. And for comfort: sink-back chairs with plenty of room to stretch your legs, good-looking facia and trim, demister, fresh-air heater. For more facts about the exciting new Anglia, and a trial run free and without obligation, see your Ford Dealer.

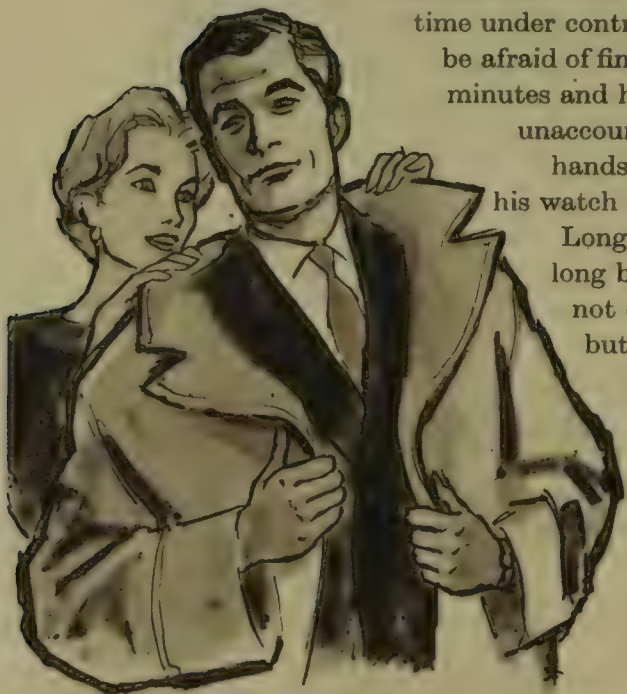
**£589.0.10** (£415 + P.T. £174.0.10) De Luxe Model **£610.5.10** (£430 + P.T. £180.5.10)

## the all-new **ANGLIA**

BE FIRST ON THE ROAD WITH



## THE MASTERY OF TIME



The man who owns a Longines has his time under control. He need never be afraid of finding that precious minutes and hours have slipped unaccountably through his hands—simply because his watch has let him down. Longines watches have long been world-famous not only for accuracy, but also for complete reliability.



# LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONOURED WATCH



From your Longines jeweller  
Shockproof, non-magnetic, waterproof.  
Hour-signs in relief in gold. 9 ct. gold case.  
Price £42.5.0.

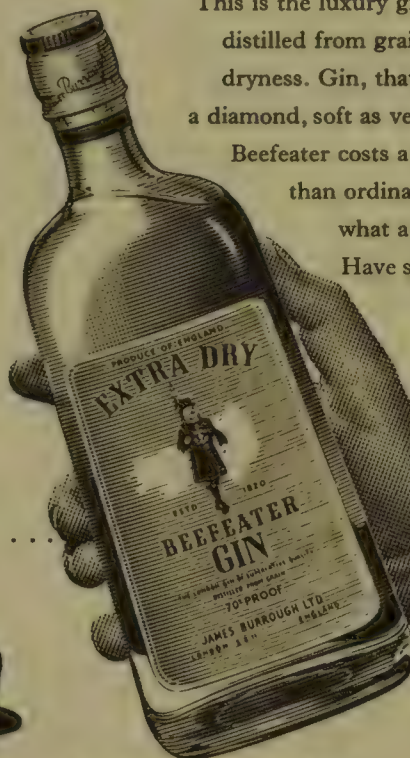
Sole representatives in the United Kingdom

BAUME & CO. LTD., 50 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON E.C.1

## BEEFEATER

A little more to pay—  
a lot more to enjoy

This is the luxury gin — triple distilled from grain for extra dryness. Gin, that is clear as a diamond, soft as velvet. True, Beefeater costs a little more than ordinary gin, but what a difference. Have some today.



37/-  
a bottle



## EXTRA DRY BEEFEATER GIN

JAMES BURROUGH LIMITED, LONDON, S.E.11. DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN SINCE 1820



# CROWN OF CROWNS

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If this fine wine—with the triangular label—isn't on your wine merchant's list please write for nearest supplier to Percy Fox & Co. Ltd., 38 King William St, London, E.C.4

A Langenbach Hock



THOSE WHO COMMAND—DEMAND...

# QUEEN ANNE

## SCOTCH WHISKY



HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD. Edinburgh



ESTABLISHED 1793



DAVIES INVESTMENTS LTD.

Bankers, are still offering 7½% on sums £20 to £500 (withdrawal on demand) with extra ½% interest on units of £500.

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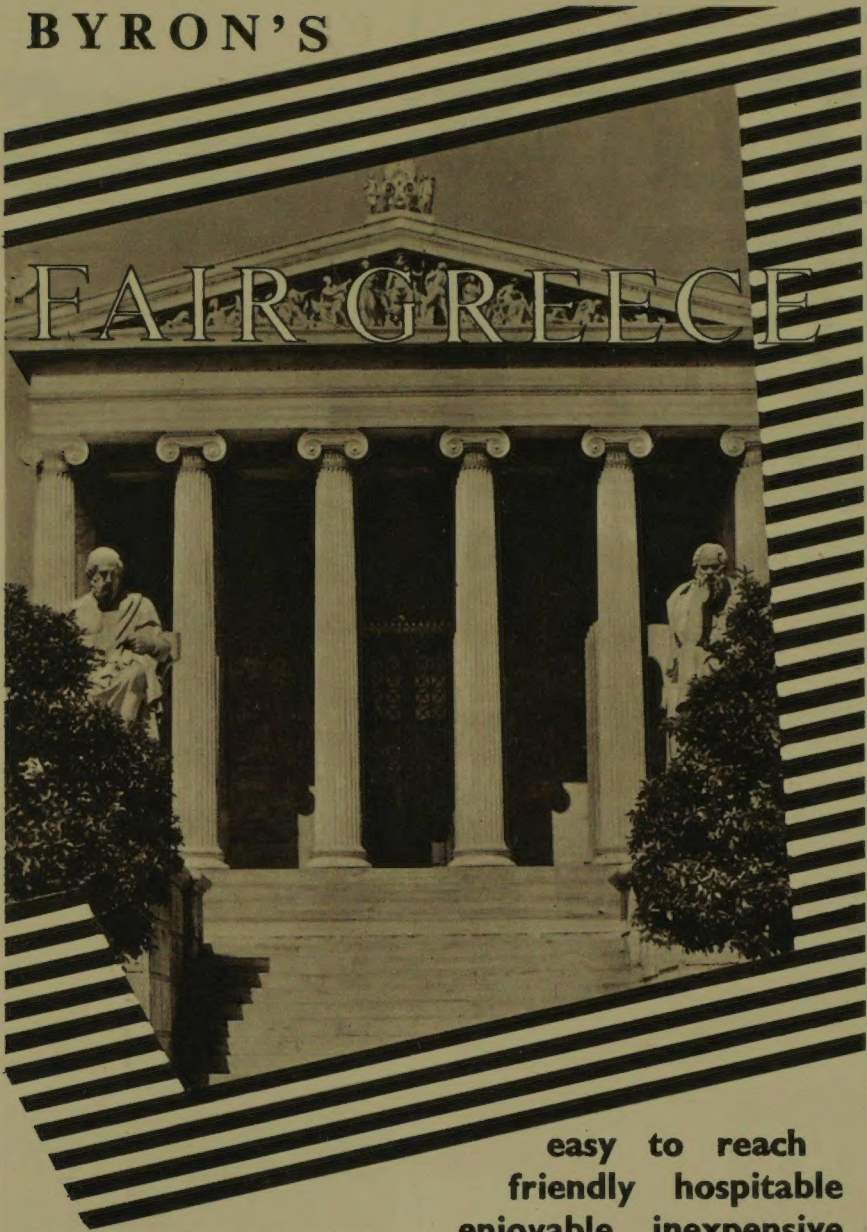


READY TO WEAR  
£9.19.6

BROCHURE AND SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM ON REQUEST

BYRON'S

FAIR GREECE



NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION  
4, STADIUM STREET—ATHENS

easy to reach  
friendly hospitable  
enjoyable inexpensive

it's *so*  
stimulating



CRÈME DE  
MENTHE

Marie  
Brizard



A special occasion  
demands  
the special cigarette



PLAYER'S  
No. 3  
EXTRA QUALITY

NEWMARKET  
CESAREWITCH STAKES  
A Handicap run over 2½ miles on October 14th 1959

IDE TO THE COURSE  
NEWMARKET  
the Rowley Mile Course

Rowley Mile Course is a straight 1 mile with a slight right-hand bend. The Beacon Course for races above 1½ miles. The Soften Course for the Rowley Mile 4 furlongs from the start. The Soften Course for the Rowley Mile 4 furlongs from the start. The Soften Course for the Rowley Mile 4 furlongs from the start.

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**"...AND  
Grand Marnier  
WITH THE  
COFFEE"**

At a city banquet, where no man is careless of food and drink, Grand Marnier is chosen to perfect the meal. And what a meal!

On this occasion Londoners eat as they did when the English were famous trenchermen, as they rarely do today. And they will take their time, in compliment to chefs who also have taken time, and immense pains.

When it is almost over, many glasses will be filled with the sweet essence of the South, Grand Marnier. More practically, the city men will honour their palates with a digestif, a mellow liqueur made for this especial purpose: Grand Marnier, the only fine champagne cognac liqueur.



**Grand Marnier**  
LIQUEUR A L'ORANGE

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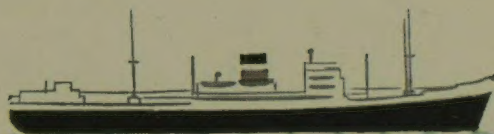
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